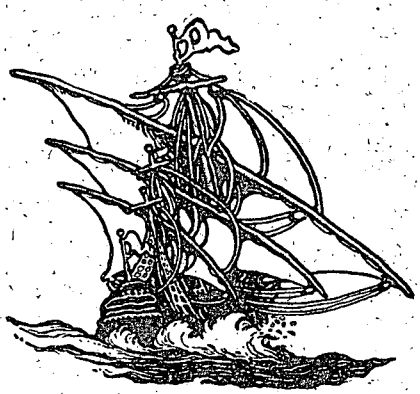
THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER



Dr. Haven Emerson

Back from his swing from Berlin to Cologne tells of the hunger and sickness he found among the

Children of Germany

The Need of Protecting Patients	*Richard C. Cabot*
Children and This Clumsy World	*Ira S. Wile*
Psychotherapy Wins the Pot	*William Akers*
A Medieval Industry	*Alice Hamilton*
The Oncoming Negro Women	*Rossa B. Cooley*
The New Educational Front in Russia	*Anna Louise Strong*

Paintings by Lionel S. Reiss
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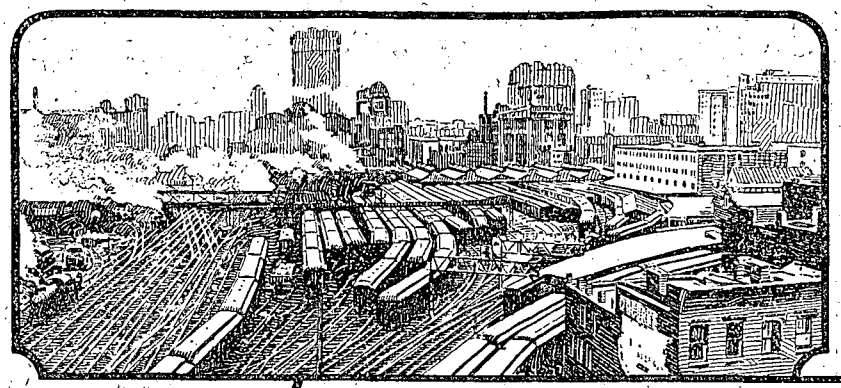
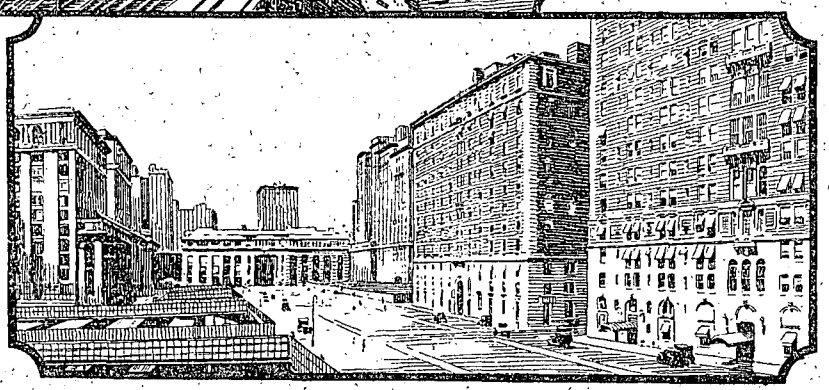


1903

Twenty years ago this noisy, smoky railroad yard was New York's greeting to its visitors.



1923

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This avenue was a railroad yard

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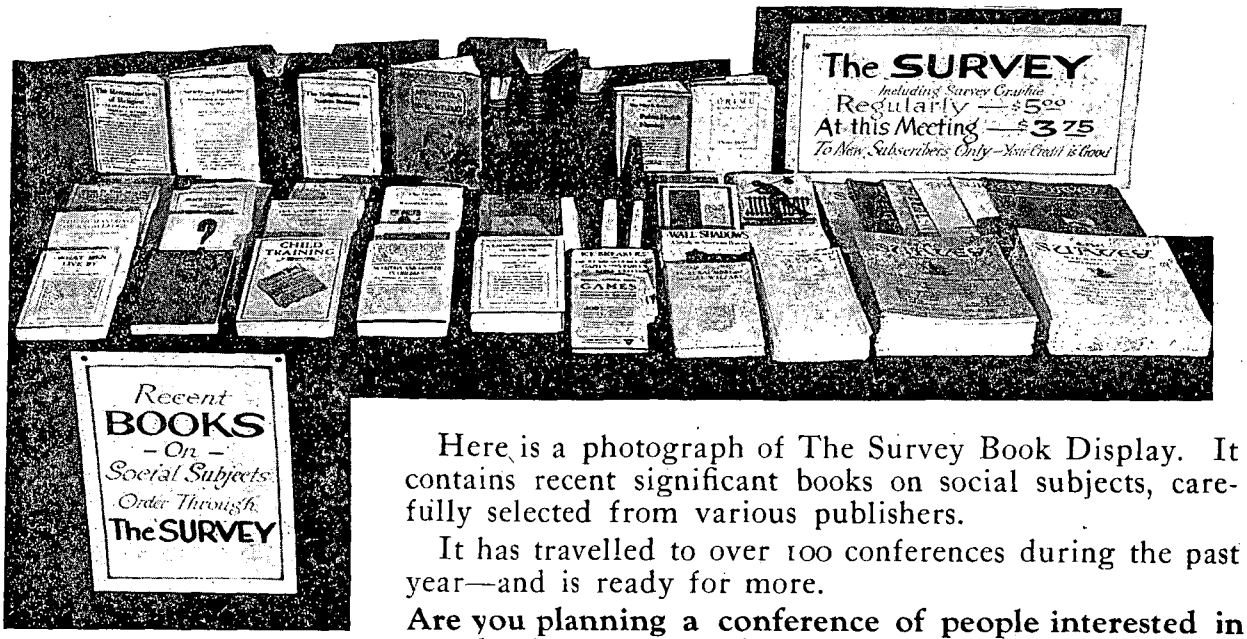

Here is a photograph of The Survey Book Display. It contains recent significant books on social subjects, carefully selected from various publishers.

It has travelled to over 100 conferences during the past year—and is ready for more.

Are you planning a conference of people interested in social subjects? *This display will help make your conference successful.*

Here is what others say about it:

FROM WISCONSIN—

Last week I attended the Southern Wisconsin Better Community Conference, held at Janesville. The program was excellent, but as a National and State Conference habitue for the past sixteen years, I want to say that I think *The Survey* book table did more to educate the people in attendance than did the addresses.

Few social workers were there but there were clubwomen and lodgewomen, the Farm Bureau representatives, the Good Roads superintendent, the Boys' and Girls' Rural Clubs and many others who had never seen *The Survey* before and had small idea what it stood for.

WINIFRED SALISBURY,
Mid-Western Secretary,
National Federation of Settlements.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA—

Your sale of books at our Inter-County Conference last year was an indication of how eager people are for the sort of service you render them by bringing to their notice the books that will give them light on their difficult problems.

I am sure that your book table has been quite as educational as the conference speakers, if not more so!

MARY S. LABAREE,
Director, Bureau of Children,
Dept. Public Welfare, State of Penna.

FROM OHIO—

Mrs. Guild and I feel that you did social work in Toledo a real and valuable service, when you brought copies of books and magazines handled by *The Survey* and placed them on exhibition at our office where the workers could look them over and order from you.

ARTHUR A. GUILD,
Superintendent,
Social Service Federation of Toledo.

FROM ILLINOIS—

Time and again I have heard comment to the effect that the book and magazine display table brought to the attention of individuals a publication for which they had been seeking, and that their appreciation of having found it was beyond expression. This has literally happened in my own experience in more than one instance.

I trust it will be possible for *The Survey* to extend its literature display work more extensively even into smaller meetings and conferences held in local centers throughout the United States.

WILFRED S. REYNOLDS,
Director,
Chicago Council of Social Agencies.

FROM INDIANA—

During the past year or more *The Survey* has greatly added to Indiana Nurses Conferences by arranging book displays presided over by most able representatives. Of course no social worker can afford to miss reading *The Survey*—whether engaged in public health nursing or case work for a charity organization society, or other special field.

It is indeed a real help to our nurses to have their attention called to new books and expert opinion and discussion at the same time. May we hope that this valuable service will be continued?

INA M. GASKILL,
Director, Dept. Public Health Nursing,
Indiana State Board of Health.

FROM CONNECTICUT—

The educational results of your busy week will be far reaching. I am sure that the exhibit interested many people in a social program for church people, and if you are glad to help in that field, I feel confident that in later years you will be repaid financially.

KATHARINE WASHBURN BROWN,
Temporary Secretary,
Unitarian Social Service Council.

Plan for a book display at your conference. Write for details.

Extension Department, The Survey, 112 East 19th Street, New York.

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The Editors of The Survey Announce

GIANT POWER

A special number of Survey Graphic for March, 1924, brought out in collaboration with the Bureau of Industrial Research. This number will interpret the tremendous bearing upon American life and labor of developments of electrical power transmission from mine mouth and water fall. Are we creating a new Industrial Revolution?

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Gifford Pinchot, *Governor of the State of Pennsylvania*—Giant Power

Alfred E. Smith, *Governor of the State of New York*—An American Plan for the Development of a Giant Power System

Herbert Hoover, *Secretary of Commerce*—Giant Negotiations for Giant Power: an interview by William Hard

Gerard Swope, *President General Electric Company*—The Place of the Engineer in Society

Henry Ford—The Play of a Big Man with a Little River: an interview by Paul U. Kellogg

Morris L. Cooke, *Director Giant Power Survey, Pennsylvania*—Large Scale Electrical Development

Sir Adam Beck, *Chairman Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario*—Hydro-Electric Power in Ontario

Where a large area of farming country and small towns is served with municipally owned electric power

Robert W. Bruère, *Director Bureau of Industrial Research*—Pandora's Box

Philip Cabot, *Financier, Boston*—The Electrical Highways of the Atlantic Seaboard

George D. Pratt, *Former Conservation Commissioner of the State of New York*—Forest and Stream

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Samuel Gompers, *President American Federation of Labor*—Giant Power as Organized Labor Sees It

Joseph K. Hart, *Educational Editor of the Survey*—The Community of the Future

Martha Bensley Bruère, *Associate Editor of the Survey*—Following Hydro

The results of investigations in Ontario towns and country-side

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Aerial Photographs by U. S. War Department and the Fairchild Aerial Camera Corporation

Cartoons by Hendrik Willem Van Loon

Map by George H. Ashley, *State Geologist of Pennsylvania*

The price of this special issue will be 50 cents a copy.

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SURVEY ASSOCIATES, INC.

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THE SURVEY—Twice-a-month—$5.00 a year
SURVEY GRAPHIC—Monthly—$3.00 a year

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THE SURVEY, *published semi-monthly and copyright 1924 by* SURVEY ASSOCIATES, INC., *112 East 19 Street, New York.*

Price: This issue 30 cents a copy; $5 a year; foreign postage, $1 extra. Changes of address should be mailed us two weeks in advance. When payment is by check a receipt will be sent only upon request.

Entered as second-class matter, March 25, 1909, at the post office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 26, 1918.

112 East 19 Street, New York

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THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

Vol. LI, No. 9 February 1, 1924

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The Gist of It

DR. HAVEN EMERSON, professor of Public Health Administration of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, brought unusual wealth of experience to bear in his swift diagnosis of German conditions. As diagnostician and practitioner in the field of public health, he has studied community life in American cities from coast to coast—as Commissioner of Health of the City of New York, as director of the Cleveland Hospital and Health Survey, and of special surveys in St. Louis and San Francisco. Throughout the war he served as major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel in the Medical Corps of the A. E. F. France decorated him with the Medaille des Epidemies and made him an officer of the Legion d'Honneur.

As consulting expert to the American Friends he gives a scientific basis for the campaign for funds for their work on the part of General Allen's Committee for the Relief of German Children.

DR. HAMILTON'S career is a blend of social work, labor investigation and laboratory research. In 1919 she was called to the assistant professorship of industrial medicine in the newly formed Department of Industrial Hygiene of the School of Public Health of Harvard University. To Survey readers she is known especially for her long association with Miss Addams at Hull House, Chicago, where she still spends part of each year; and for the remarkable series of investigations of industrial poisons carried on from 1910-1921 for the U. S. Department of Labor. Her work for the pioneer Illinois Commission on Occupational Diseases came in 1910. Her professional training was as bacteriologist and following her graduation from the medical school of the University of Michigan, class of 1893, came postgraduate work at the Universities of Leipsig and Munich, Johns Hopkins, Chicago and the Institut Pasteur, Paris.

DR. CABOT'S concern for patients as human beings, his understanding of the temptations as well as the devotion of the scientist, his rare genius in social relations, all enter into the compunction which prompts his challenging statement.

WILLIAM AKERS is the pen name of a man whose experience has ranged from participation in large-scale industry to a logging camp.

MISS COOLEY'S remarkable story, written from her vantage point as principal of Penn School, on St. Helena Island, closes with this instalment.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON is back in the country of his adoption, soon to be engaged on a history of America which will have the fascination of his Story of Mankind. Incidentally and (we hope) consecutively, his cartoons in the Survey will stab into the processes of America in the making.

DULL and docile, or quivering with rebellion, harassed by defect and misfortune, or robustly seeking the road to self-direction, puzzled by the stupidities of the adult world, canny or foolish, rich and poor, "good" and "bad"—the children troop through our homes and schoolrooms into the hurly-burly life. Dr. Wile, not content with the service a physician can do in his own practice, has studied children and their problems from many angles: as a school commissioner in New York for six years, as chairman of the Riverside District Committee of the New York Charity Organization Society for the past five years, as founder and director of the "Health Class" at the Mt. Sinai Hospital. He has been particularly interested in nutrition—and was a founder of the New York school lunch system; in speech improvement; in sex education—his book on that subject was published in 1912. His article in this number is the first of a series in which he dips into his broad experience with children's problems.

AT the University of Chicago, where Anna Louise Strong earned the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, her interest was divided between literature and philosophy. She wanted to understand life and to write about it. She began by writing poetry. But she made the mistake of going west,—to Seattle, whither her father, the Rev. Sydney Strong, had gone. Fifteen years ago, Seattle while boasting a "golden past," had vision of a nobler future. Geographically and intellectually, it was on the frontier—the frontier of action. Miss Strong found life more interesting than literature—for a time. With her father, she was instrumental in organizing the first "Know Your Own City" institute. Presently she became interested in what the city was doing to its children; and she became a center of energy in organizing Child Welfare programs and exhibits—later promoting them in most of the large cities of the country and winning recognition as an expert in this field. By way of the childhood route, her interest turned more and more toward the all embracing problems of human welfare, and she found her most congenial relationships in the labor movement. Two years ago, when entree into Russia became possible, Dr. Strong went there. She was taken with typhus fever, and her death was at one time reported. But she recovered, and since, she has been active in the study and interpretation of the Soviet Republic to America.

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Drawn by Hendrik Willem Van Loon

"Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind."

Goethe's Erlkönig

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THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

FEBRUARY 1, 1924

Volume LI
No. 9

Hungry and Sick

A Diagnosis of Germany's Distress

By HAVEN EMERSON, M. D.

GERMANY is not being destroyed by starvation; but hunger and sickness, unemployment in the factories and infection in the homes are undermining a people. Such is the picture I brought back when I took return passage for America in early January. For two weeks, under Commission from the American Friends, I had visited homes and hospitals and scanned the records of eight German cities. I moved among waiting herded thousands who are leaderless, dark and cold. I found unmistakable signs of increasing disease following, as it always does follow, upon the long enduring hunger of childhood. People are not dying by the thousands as they do in famine years in Russia or China or as they have in war and pestilence in Armenia in recent times. Yet hunger edema has begun to appear again in the hospitals and among the applicants to the municipal lodging houses. This and scurvy among children and adults, rare since 1919, are a warning of increasing food deprivation which indicates, as does a rising tide of tuberculosis, not an immediate but an impending catastrophe. Two million German school children and half a million children too young to go to school must have outside help this winter.

A VERY skeptical, confused, protesting and doubtful person found himself wrenched from the relative calm and regularity of professional work in New York by the persuasiveness of the Quakers and, suddenly, on December 15 was cast into the German maelstrom of human anxieties and confusions which diplomatists, statesmen, generals of war and industry, and others perhaps as well qualified, have caused, tolerated, explained away or tried to cure.

By good fortune, recent direct and authoritative information came to me on shipboard through the courtesy of Dr. Nansen, that international campaigner against starvation. The distinction between starvation as Russia knew and knows it, and hunger as the Germans feel it now was made clear from his wide experience. The necessity of a fairly stern or even cruel partiality when faced with a thousand starvelings, and food in hand to keep but five hundred alive until harvest, the assumption of the functions of judge and executioner together in dealing with narrow resources and unlimited needs, the peace and courage that come to body and spirit with reasonable certainty of bread and fat for food; these and the supporting facts in many lands were among the lessons gathered in the daily walks on deck.

OFFICIAL London had no current information as to the extent of privation in Germany or of results attributed to hunger and unemployment upon sickness or deaths among children or their parents, although much non-technical data was in the hands of Quaker and other English relief agencies engaged in helping with food and clothing.

A spell of cold weather, a good fall of snow and school vacations combined to crowd the trains with parties off skating and ski-ing, and if one were to judge of a land by the furs and pink cheeks of the holiday groups, the pictures at the station platforms all the way from the Holland border into Berlin on December 23, would be a sufficient answer. On such episodes, glimpses of hotel life, evenings at restaurants and walks in the parks and boulevards,

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are travellers' impressions built, and one needs but a few of them to construct a barrier of skepticism to meet the appeals for sympathy and aid to hungry Germany. Just as well accept the Ritz, "Iceland," country clubs and Fifth Avenue as indices of the standard of living for U. S. A.

My commission was to get beneath the surface—to make a swift diagnosis of communities. I sought signs of health or lack of it in individuals and in groups, through the records of births and deaths, the incidence of disease, the condition of the school children, the housing, clothing, feeding, work and well-being of families as revealed to the physician, the visiting nurse, the relief worker; and by the picture of sickness in hospitals, dispensaries and private offices; the character of care in shelters, day nurseries, orphanages and lodging houses; the rations at soup kitchens; the amount of milk consumed per capita each day throughout the city; the amount of unemployment and its duration; the balance between income and necessities in the family budget. I began to work in Berlin on December 24, and on January 3, I finished a series of home visits with the nurses in Coblenz, having in the meantime gathered facts in person and from original sources, in no way connected with propaganda for relief or foreign sympathy, in Breslau, Dresden, Munich, Frankfurt-on-Main, Cologne and Opladen.

THE first lesson which showed me how unsafe were deductions from death rates of former years, and the latest published records, was that a falling general death rate did not necessarily indicate present improvement in a peoples' health.

Never in the history of the country has Germany's general death rate or her infant mortality rate been as low as in the years 1920 and 1921, and upon this fact many fallacious arguments have been built. The reasons are quite simple. A rapid fall in the birth rate amounting to one-third and in some communities to one-half of the pre-war, and the 1919 rate, has reduced very materially the age group of infancy in which the greatest specific death rate occurred. Germany of 1923 is a nation of a different age grouping from that of 1913, infants and old people forming relatively a much smaller portion of her people. While the official figures for 1923 were not obtainable for December, the evidence is overwhelming and universal throughout the *Reich* that the general death rate and the tuberculosis death rates for all age groups have risen since 1922 very materially. In Breslau with a steadily increasing population amounting now to 560,000, there were born in November, 1923, 580 children; in November, 1922, 840; in November, 1921, 960; in 1920, 1,050; in 1919, 1,360, the November births from 1904 to 1914 numbering between 1,050 and 1,100 each year. In this same city the excess of births over deaths in 1921 amounted to 3,690, while in 1923 this had dwindled to 740.

If this were due solely to restraint in child bearing, and to a conscious and successful effort to raise the standard of living one could envy such a record, but the facts are that stillbirths have increased, mothers have died more from puerperal fever, fewer mothers can nurse their babies, scarcely 50 per cent, and in some places not more than one-third. Nursing is for a shorter period and the amount of milk in most cases is not more than half that usually given by German mothers.

The infant mortality rate has fallen, but not as fast as the birth rate. Of the babies born in Berlin, one in ten is brought to a public institution for care because the mothers have not the means to give them food. Foundlings are also increasing in number. One-tenth of the homeless in the municipal lodging houses of Berlin consists of whole families —father, mother, and children, who have nowhere else to go.

Again, if one were to judge of the status of nutrition, environment and general wellbeing of Germany today by the record of tuberculosis deaths and death rates as last published for the years since the war including 1921, one would believe these people to be following fast on the heels of U. S. A. in its standards of living, for everywhere there was a fall in the number of deaths from all forms of tuberculosis relatively and absolutely from 1919 to 1921. But in the large cities of Germany with a combined population of 17,000,000, there were more deaths from tuberculosis in the first nine months of 1923 than in the entire year 1921, and 4,000 more deaths in 1922 than in 1921. The death rate from tuberculosis had fallen 42.4 per cent in the eighteen years before the war, and then it rose 55.5 per cent during the war, fell again sharply after the influenza epidemic, and during the past year has again risen at a rapid rate.

When this change is studied for particular age groups one finds the increase especially marked between one and fifteen years. For every 100,000 children under fourteen years of age 4.1 in 1913 and 10.6 in 1922 died of tuberculosis. The heaviest toll is exacted of those whose lives have been almost completely shadowed by war.

AMONG a hundred families I visited, more than half included at least one member with open pulmonary tuberculosis, and in thirty of these homes there were two or more persons in the active communicable stage of the disease. In one family in Coblenz the grandmother, the mother and a child of three, all with positive sputum, occupy the same room and the same bed.

How can such conditions be permitted as long as

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there is even a remnant of public health and visiting nurse service? Think over the following items picked up in personal observation or from direct inquiry and try to picture a similar situation in your own densely packed industrial community:

Increase of 29 per cent during 1923 in applications for diagnosis and care of open tuberculosis at the clinics of Germany.

Forty-four per cent of 1,300 children in Breslau between two and six years gave a positive reaction to the von Pirquet test, or in plain language were already at this age infected with tuberculosis even though not in the active stage of the disease.

In Cologne, an increase of 14 per cent in deaths from tuberculosis in the twelve months of 1923.

Among the school children of Germany an increase of 16 per cent in open pulmonary tuberculosis in 1923 as compared with 1922.

In the city orphanages in Berlin, tuberculosis in children under one year increased during 1923 from 3.7 per cent to 9.7 per cent of admissions at that age, and at this same institution 33⅓ per cent of children between three and four years of age were actively tuberculous.

In Opladen, a suburban district of small industrial villages with detached single or two family houses (128,000 population), deaths from tuberculosis constituted 15 per cent of all deaths in 1923, though formerly only 9 per cent.

In general, children's hospitals in Berlin where formerly between 5 and 10 per cent of the patients were suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, now 25 per cent of them are admitted for this disease.

In Berlin, 66 per cent of the tuberculosis patients attending the special clinics share a bed and room with another person.

Five of the municipal preventoria with four hundred beds for pre-tuberculous or suspect children from tuberculosis families have been closed within the year for lack of funds.

Several thousand beds in public and private institutions for the treatment of favorable and advanced pulmonary tuberculosis have been closed because neither the patients nor the community could pay for the food, warmth and service required.

In most of the cities the visiting nurses no longer have any funds with which to pay for an extra room, or a separate bed in an already occupied room, for relative segregation of the active tuberculous patient in a family of children.

In Dresden, at a prominent children's hospital, prior to 1915 they had no lung tuberculosis in children under three years; today twenty-five of the one hundred and twenty beds are occupied by children of this age and the more recent cases are in the first two years of life. In Munich, in a similar children's hospital sixteen of the one hundred and twenty beds are always filled with cases of open pulmonary tuberculosis.

Among the 120,000 school children of Cologne between six and ten cases of pulmonary tuberculosis were usually discovered each year. In 1923, twenty cases were found among four thousand examined in September.

CAN you see the sequence of events? Unemployment, accompanied by total loss of all savings, and insurance, and investments of a life time, on top of nine years of much restricted diets for all ages; inability to pay for private care and hence disregard or conscious neglect of precautions during the early stages of tuberculosis; unavoidable crowding into small, dark, damp, unheated living rooms of a multitude of chronic bacillus carriers to whom fell the lot of tending the little children while all the rest went out to try to earn or gather food; prolonged intense exposure to tuberculosis of little children already seriously depressed by early severe rickets and the accompanying bronchial infections of the colder weather, and with a resistance lowered by a diet of potatoes, meal, vegetable oil and a quite inadequate ration of milk of a low grade of butter fat.

This is no imaginary aggregation of theoretical incidents in the lives of rare families. This is the story every physician, nurse, social worker and school teacher has found repeated over and over again in a multitude of cases in their own personal experience, and often within their own family circle. And the children cannot be taken out of these homes, as they could be formerly, for the day or for periods of domicile in institutions, because of the great reduction in such facilities. In Berlin there has been in the past year a reduction of 73 per cent in the day nursery cribs available, 24.8 per cent in kindergartens, 27.9 per cent in children's shelters and 12.5 per cent in children's hospital beds.

To give some idea of the milk shortage look at the following list:

City	Population	Quarts of milk used daily		Price per quart
	1923	1913	1923	1923
Berlin ...	4,000,000	1,180,000	135,000	7½c
Breslau ..	560,000	112,470	43,450	7½c
Dresden .	610,500	135,000	25,200	8c
Munich ..	690,000	230,400	13,500	7¾c
Frankfurt	515,000	225,000	9,000	10c
Cologne .	704,000	225,000	36,000	12c
Coblenz.	Cannot give previous figures, but in 1923, one-half the amount available in 1922			12c

THE use of milk in most American cities amounts to about one-half pint a day for each person and in some of the more favored cities it reaches and even passes one pint per capita, and the experience of German cities was in the main similar before the war. Now, as can be seen from the table above, the people of Berlin have about six-hundredths of a pint apiece, in Breslau the share is .14 of a pint, in Dresden it is .08 of a pint, in Munich .04 of a pint, Frankfurt .04, Cologne .1 of a pint.

What this has meant practically is that only expectant mothers, in the last two months of pregnancy, nursing mothers, infants under two years and invalids have been allowed to have milk. According to almost unanimous experience, children over four years of age have had no milk since 1914.

In two cities the military occupation has had a definite effect in reducing the milk available for the child population. In the case of Frankfurt the "milk shed," or area of supply, has been restricted because of embargo placed upon transportation of milk out of the Palatinate and Hesse into unoccupied Germany. In the case of Coblenz the city authorities could obtain milk for mothers, infants, and invalids each day only after as much as was desired had been taken for the use of the occupying troops and their resident families.

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Furthermore, this shortage of fresh milk has not been made up by real equivalents in the children's diets. Cod liver oil until recently very widely used to prevent and cure rickets and give the invaluable vitamins to growing children, is now too expensive for most hospitals and in many places it is unobtainable, or entirely out of reach of the average family because of its cost.

THE consumption of meat has been reduced 34 per cent to 46 per cent in all the cities visited. And such as is now used in the families of the wage earner once a week, which is the usual custom at present, certainly among that great mass of the people who are out of work, carries much less than formerly of the life preserving animal fats which are craved by those who are thinly clad, cold, perpetually hungry and weary of the meal soup, the boiled potato, the bit of bread and herring on which they must live and have lived for many months. In Breslau, where one in every eight adults of the community is out of work, in a children's hospital of 165 beds there were but four cases of scurvy in the previous twelve months, while twelve were admitted in the past four weeks. In the general hospital four cases of hunger edema had been admitted within the past week.

The extent of non-employment is difficult to express briefly or in percentages, but some idea can be had from the fact that from 10 per cent to 40 per cent of the populations in the cities visited have no other income or means with which to buy food, shelter, heat and clothing than the public dole of approximately $2.50 a week for a family (man, wife and two children under fourteen years of age).

Of the entire population of Germany (62,000,000) 14.5 per cent are supported at the expense of the government by the unemployment dole. There are many more who are on part time work for which they receive a trifle more than the amount of the weekly dole to the jobless. While salaries even of the unskilled workmen and the least of the government clerks have been reduced one-fourth to three-fourths of pre-war value, the cost of all necessities has increased from 10 per cent to 50 per cent since 1913; and at the present time, 25 per cent of all public servants are being discharged with no probability of their obtaining any other opportunities for steady employment or self-support.

In Dresden, the increase in non-employment has been from 1,036 persons to 62,168 during 1923. There are now in that city 3,085 men and 1,237 women for each hundred opportunities for even part time work offered through the public employment and relief agency.

Family budgets are as much a part of the records of the responsible government social workers and visiting nurses in German cities, as they are in the practice of our most particular public and private relief agencies in the United States. The administration of relief is in most places in the hands of professionally and practically trained men and women of a very high character who appear to be acting with rare good judgment in distributing the meager assistance which is now afforded. I found no duplication, or confusion of functions, simply a widespread despair at the rising wave of dependence and disease for which decreasing means of relief were at hand. Through her organized agencies and her remarkable development of "self-help"—which means practically sharing your lamp or your heat or your other meager resources with your neighbors—the people of Germany are doing all they can to help themselves.

THE most impressive sensation received from the family visits I made was the complaint of every mother that she no longer had the means of keeping the floors, the bed sheets, the children's bodies clean. Not the pinch of hunger, or the gloom of cold and lampless nights, but the lack of soap and hot water, of sheeting, shirts, and thread to sew with and diaper cloth for the babies were the cause of anguish to those women. Scrubbing, wiping, stitching, mending were practiced at every opportunity and with an industry worthy of better materials. Rags one rarely sees, though the shirt be torn and dirty. The outer clothing is mended and neat almost always.

The cry is for work, the right to be busy, something to do to help themselves, anything but this dumb waiting for the next unknown handicap. And this is not only the vacant minded gloom of the hod carrier, of the hand to mouth laborer. In this grinding poverty there can be no demand for those whose services are the real riches of a community. The lists of applicants for public help, the rosters of the unemployed contain an ever-increasing number of physicians, painters, artists of many kinds, skilled workers in metals and wood, business men and women, tailors and the whole range of a formerly prosperous middle class whose income from earnings and investments have come to an end. In Dresden during the past four months five thousand people of the middle class have appealed to the public relief office for the weekly dole, often persuaded to take this step by the visiting nurse whose call to help in sickness revealed the actual want in homes of apparent comfort where self-respect still held the family back from joining the army of public dependents. The most fundamental faith of modern man has been wrecked by destroying the savings and credit, the results of thrift and industry of two generations. A process as ruthless and relentless as that of war is now under way among masses of herded but leaderless people. (*Continued on page* 489)

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The New Educational Front in Russia

By ANNA LOUISE STRONG

SOME delegates of the Usbek "nation" came to Moscow. "We want a teachers' institute," they said. It is a prosaic demand, but it covers the wildest romance of education that perhaps the world has ever seen.

You have never heard of the Usbeks? Neither have I! Neither has anyone else except a few anthropologists who study the half-wild tribes between Europe and Asia. In the days of the czar the Usbeks had not discovered the alphabet. It follows that they had no text-books. No one, since the world began, ever learned to read and write in Usbek. But then came the Russian Revolution.

Now there is an Usbek alphabet, reduced to simple Latin characters by learned philologists in Moscow in conference with the few Usbeks who knew Russian. There are text-books in the Usbek language and schools in the Usbek villages. When the Usbeks send to Moscow for a teachers' institute, the education authorities take it as a routine of business, instead of the gorgeous romance that it is.

For Russia is crammed with such romances. The Usbeks are only one of a dozen petty nations that received alphabet and schools since the revolution. There are the Seranie, a Finnish tribe in the far north near Archangel. There are the Kuktschi, a savage tribe in the Caucasus. And the Migrel and the Lazen and the Imeretiner—and half a dozen similar tribes.

In the Russia of the Revolution, there are schools carried on in sixty different languages, and text-books printed in all of them. Some ten or twelve of these languages had first to be reduced to writing. Nor are these alphabets only for minor tribes which cannot count in Russia's history. When I was in Baku, the world's greatest oil district, I visited dozens of schools and kindergartens. I talked with eager young men organizing village schools among the Tartars, who make up half the oil workers of Baku. Their language had no modern alphabet, only an ancient literary Arabic with little relation to daily speech. Until after the Revolution, this vast population of Tartars was unlettered. Now they also have a new alphabet and are fast learning to read and write. This is a fact of importance in the oil history of the future, for the oil of Baku is not so far removed from Persian oil fields and the connection between the two is by means of these Mohammedan peoples.

Tens of millions of text-books were issued by the Government Publishing House in Moscow, in the five months from April to August, 1923, for the job of teaching Russia. This Government Publishing House is the largest publishing house in the world. It prints books of every kind, but by far its largest output is school text-books.

They need this enormous number of books, not only because old books are worn out, but because the whole system of education is new. Even text-books on mathematics are rewritten, to conform to the new mode of teaching.

"Is there a communist mathematics?" I asked in amazement. They explained patiently. Their idea is modelled more on the Dewey ideas of education than on anything else we know in America. Every new book by Dewey is grabbed and translated into Russian for consultation. Then they make their own additions.

"We call it the Work School," said a teacher to me. "We base all study on the child's play and his relation to productive work. We begin with the life around him. How do

School children visit the government educational excursion trains

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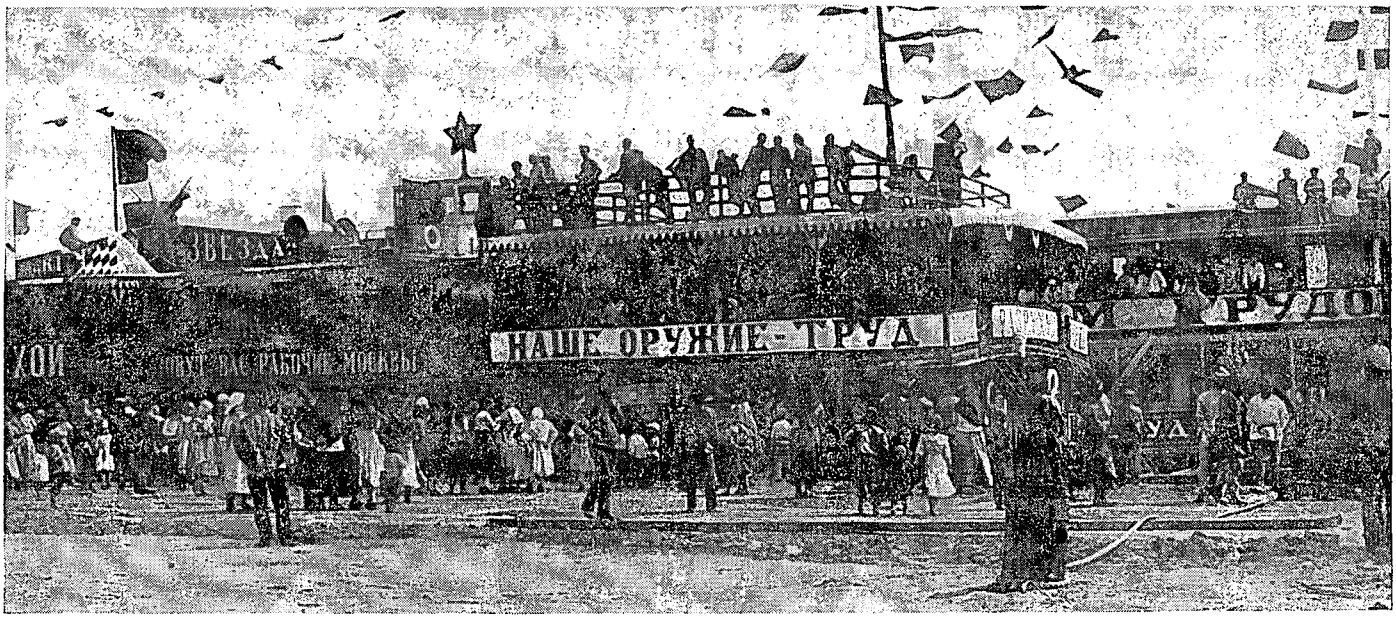

Propaganda ships on the Volga have from the first days of the revolution carried messages to the people. By ship and train, groups from different localities have been brought into contact with one another, until the peasants in remote regions are connected with groups in the cities in a sort of "big brother" educational movement that spreads all over Russia

the people in the village get their living? What do they produce? What tools do they use to produce it? Do they eat it all or exchange some of it? For what do they exchange it? What are horses and their use to man? What are pigs and what makes them fat? What are families and how do they support each other, and what is a village that organizes and cares for the families?"

"This is interesting nature study and sociology," I replied, "but how do you teach mathematics?" He looked at me in surprise.

"By real problems about real situations," he answered. "Can we use a text-book in which a lord has ten thousand roubles and puts five thousand out at interest and the children are asked what his profit is?

"We have now simple problems in addition, to find out how many cows there are in the village, by adding the number in each family. Simple problems of division of food, to know how much the village can export. Problems of proportion—if our village has three hundred families and the next has one thousand, how many red soldiers must each give to the army; how many delegates is each entitled to in the township soviet? The older children work out the food-tax for their families; that really begins to interest the parents in our schools.

"Our second main endeavor is to teach the child collective action. We are trying to fit him to build a socialist state. We have our self-governed school community, in which teachers, children and janitors all have equal voice. It decides everything, what shall be done with the school funds, what shall be planted in the school garden, what shall be taught. If the children decide against some necessary subject, it is the teacher's job to show them through their play and life together that the subject is needed."

That's the program—a dream of advanced education such as the world has not yet seen. And the reality shows half-savage tribes which have never had an alphabet, and thousand mile stretches of backward peasants who never learned reading and writing. It is a typically Russian combination: a gorgous plan and an utterly backward people, and a handful of young enthusiasts who intend that the thing shall be done.

How are they managing it?

Last year in Russia proper, not counting the Ukraine, 120,000 teachers out of a total of 150,000 took special courses to prepare themselves for this new form of school. They have to take these courses or lose their jobs to the new teachers who are being turned out of sixty new pedagogical institutes all over the land. For the older teachers, to save them, there are three to six weeks' institutes with discussions, written tests and essays, held in three or four places in every province. Professors come from Moscow and Petrograd to hold them; all teachers must attend at least once a year.

They are a motley crew, these teachers. I talked with a group of them who were visiting Moscow on a five-day educational tour. This also was provided free of charge for half the teachers in the Moscow district; the other half would come the following year. Old gaunt men in thread-bare clothes; old women wistfully eager to keep up; thin, tall youths who had long outgrown their scanty cloth-

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ing; energetic, intelligent young women—just the job lot of teachers as the revolution found them, trying to make themselves over to fit the new world. They were going through big city institutes of learning, biological museums, physics laboratories. I asked them what chances they had to learn.

"This visit to the city," one girl told me, "and the Teachers' Institute for six weeks, and the Hecker's American Correspondence Courses."

That is another romance—those correspondence courses. A Methodist preacher from the East Side of New York who was fired by the idea of educating Russia through correspondence courses on the American plan. He hoped first to enter with the Y. M. C. A. and spent two years with them organizing courses. But America failed to recognize Russia and the Y. M. C. A. could not enter, so Dr. Julius Hecker, in the year of the famine, came over to Moscow with $5,000 and got a contract to run correspondence schools. He counts his pupils now by the tens of thousands.

His is not a profit-making concession, though he received free from the government a large building and much assistance. Most of his work is done on contract for government or labor organizations. The Department of Education desires courses for teachers, or the Trade Unions wish courses for foremen. He works them out, sells them at a price fixed by the organization in question, at or below cost to insure widest use; and receives subsidies from the organizations to cover his losses.

"Patriotic posters" advocating schools and day nurseries were used in the army for reading lessons

Help of all kinds to educational projects is offered by the government, which knows it has not means enough to do the great job quickly. A committee on which I worked received the offer of a large estate on the Volga, if we could raise $5,000 for agricultural machinery and equipment, and build thereon a self-supporting children's colony, learning modern agriculture. The local authorities offered to support the children free till the first harvest produced by their labor put the institution on its feet. But poor though they may be in money and anxious for assistance, one thing the educational authorities insist on: that neither religion nor "capitalist ethics" shall be taught in the schools.

"The teacher must know how to teach nature study without God, and tell fairy-tales without the benevolent rich lord," said a man in the central department of education to me. I laughed, for I had seen the scheme at work.

Down in the Ukraine a teacher was telling a fairy-story of Grimm's—yes, they still have fairy-tales, but strangely modified. It was the industrious goose-girl who marries a prince. Obviously, in modern Russia a marriage with a prince does not include "they lived happily ever after." The teacher related the marriage as a fall from grace; the goose-girl was tempted and abandoned honest work, and was supported in a palace on money stolen from the common people, her early friends!

But the children refused such a shameful ending! They liked the goose-girl, so they had her refuse the prince and marry a coal miner who rose through ability and industry to be "red director" for the state mines of the district! The ending invented by the children is now adopted.

Like everything in Russia, education went through its period of utter breakdown and confusion. In the days of the czar the village schools were church-controlled. In the cities were expensive gymnasiums and real schools for the sons of the upper classes.

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A school in one of the factories

In the last few years before the war the larger cities introduced some free city schools for sons of smaller officials who could not afford the gymnasium. But children of manual workers had little chance to learn.

During the Great War many larger city schools were taken over as hospitals and for other war uses. This use continued also during the civil war and the great epidemics. The new school authorities tried to get the buildings, but against the demands of war and disease there was little chance.

"We had some horrible experiences as a result of these war uses," said a member of the school management to me. "In Smolensk we took back a high school that had been a hospital for venereal diseases. We had no soap or disinfectants; the blockade of the Entente kept these things out. We cleaned as well as we could with water. But soon they came to me: 'What shall we do? The children are coming down with syphilis.' So we had to close the building."

These frightful times are past; for two years there have been soap and disinfectants in Russia, and a most energetic Board of Health. But the famine also brought hardship to the schools. I visited a school building in the village of Novo Semekino, near Samara, in the early autumn of the famine. Tiny, primitive, with one room holding perhaps forty children, it had been built in the days of the czar. With the revolution came zeal for education, and the year before the famine it was working three shifts. One group of children came in the morning, another in the afternoon, and a group of adults in the evening.

All over Russia I met similar expansions of school buildings—before the famine. But now the building in Novo Semekino was shut, for the school master had fled to get food. All through the famine districts this happened. I went to seven villages organizing kitchens; in three the school master had gone; in the four where the school teacher remained (they were usually self-sacrificing young women who stayed longer than the men), we saved them by making them managers of the A. R. A. food kitchens. But they had no longer any time for teaching.

During that terrible winter I talked with Lunarcharsky. "Education has been strangled by the famine," he said. Half a million children in orphan homes came upon the budget of the school authorities. Other difficulties also came, incident to imposing a new form of education on teachers who knew nothing about it and who were still vaguely antagonistic. "I must admit," said a communist to me, "that the results were funny. Even our friends

An art class in one of the children's homes

had to say: 'What kind of schools are these?' The teacher took the idea of work by the children, but nothing more. The schools were sometimes merely places where the children sawed the wood and washed the floors and got a little food."

Even in those darkest days one thing was noticeable about the children's homes, which from the beginning were the stronghold of the new education, supplied with the best teachers, since the children were continuously there. They might be hungry; they might be without pencils or books, but they were self-reliant little communities. I have visited scores of them—sometimes far from the railroad, when the matron was absent in the village and the two teachers had not yet returned from town where they went in quest of food. Four or five of the children conducted me through the building with courtesy and utter absence of self-consciousness, showing me kitchen and bedrooms and answering my questions about menu and order of the day as well as a teacher could have done.

This was part of the basic policy of the new schools after the revolution. Self-government, self-help, self-management in common activity began from the first, even when there was nothing but a meager bread ration to manage.

I visited a home in Samara where waifs cast

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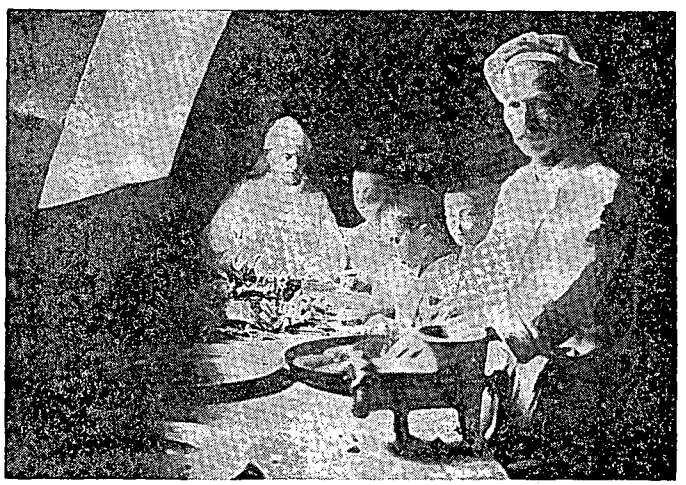
away in the streets had been gathered. Only five weeks removed from the streets and the hell of the over-crowded "collector"; but already organization of life was plain. The children had little to eat, but all were in classes studying. They greeted me sincerely as I entered, informally coming over to meet me.

"What do they study in the first class?" I asked. "Reading and writing . . .?" "No," smiled the teacher, "in the first class they learn to speak Russian. They come from a dozen different tribes, speaking different dialects; they must first learn to understand each other. In the second class we have story-telling from Russian history and literature, and the children learn self-expression. In the third class they learn reading, each from a different book, since we have no text-books. Only the highest group can yet learn writing; *we have just six pencils in the school!*"

Those were famine conditions. Yet the children in this school, just learning to speak to each other, had their School Council for self-government which received a gift of chocolate I sent them, duly electing a representative to come and get it and furnishing her with proper papers of authorization. They divided the chocolate fairly; they also divided fairly the day by day labors of the school, the floor-



The "kitchen committee" for the day in a school where the institutional housekeeping is divided among the children

washing, bed-making, kitchen assistance. This fair, friendly division of labor is considered the corner stone of education as citizens of a future socialist commonwealth.

For two years, while the education budget was so scanty, volunteer organizations came to the assistance of the schools. The slowly opening factories ran schools for young apprentices and adult courses for workers. The "education fund," fixed by law and union agreement for every industry, was diverted by vote of the workers to subsidize ordinary children's schools. In Baku the entire school system was supported out of the budget of the Oil Industry. They were proud of their achievement; in the czar's days there were twenty-two schools and no kindergartens; now there are sixty-two schools and fifteen kindergartens, and one hundred and twenty-one classes in reading and writing for adults.

The direct management of schools by industries is only temporary. Workers' committees, unions, government departments, every form of organized life was called on for help in those days, lest education should go down. But with the first good harvest in Russia the days passed when Lunarcharsky must complain to the Congress of Soviets that his teachers were driven even to prostitution to get a living. Teaching is not yet a highly paid profession, but it is above the reach of starvation. . . . Even through this time of bitter need, fifteen to twenty thousand new schools were opened in Russia.

The organization of regular education is still very backward. It is supplemented by many educational movements which constantly arise in different groups of the population. Russians work in drives of public enthusiasm much more readily than in the prosaic organization of every day. They think in terms of cartoons and exhibitions and excursions much more than in statistics and classes.

Since the first days of the revolution, "propaganda trains" on the railroads and "propaganda ships" on the Volga, carried to the people the messages of the new government. Many of the new schools had at first little to read except posters about Denikin and Wrangel. But mixed with these, and gradually superseding them, as political enemies faded into the past, came vivid posters showing illiteracy as the next great enemy of the nation; illustrations of tractor farming; information about diseases of cattle. The old war terms are still used; disease and ignorance and dirt are not gently reproved as injurious to efficiency; they are denounced as "enemies of the nation." The Baby Weeks which proved popular in America have found their second home in Russia; during an entire week I was

Farming and gardening are parts of the curriculum

attacked by youthful collectors of donations, while cheery posters of marching babies demanded mothers' milk, fresh air, and freedom from flies.

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The climax of these methods of popular education through exhibits was the great Agricultural Exposition held last summer in Moscow. From every part of Russia the peasants came, and each found his own village typically represented: the high two-story log-house of the north, where the heat from animals below rises to warm the family; the southern houses of straw and mud; the round tents of the nomads. . . . Over against all these actual dwellings was set the model village, with community center for school and library and recreation. New state industries were shown; their products, hopes and achievements; new methods of agriculture, of soil drainage, of better seeding and cultivation.

I TALKED to a village teacher who came to the Exposition with a trainload of six hundred peasants. The railroads and street-cars gave free transportation. On arrival at Moscow they were met by a committee of city workers, who invited them to the public baths and then divided them into groups for housing accommodations. He, with twenty-five others, was entertained at the house of the map-makers from a certain factory. These map-makers gave their guests room and board and guides about town, contributed from their own scanty wages. On one day the peasants visited the map-factory of their hosts and received little souvenir maps.

This kind of popular education, through contact between groups of people, excursions, exhibitions and visits, is tremendously popular in Russia. Tens of thousands of peasants were thus brought on free trips to Moscow last summer. University students also go in great bands from city to city during the vacation months, on educational tours which cost them nothing. Students from Moscow, travelling free on the railways, exchange rooms and board with students from Petrograd or Nijni Novgorod. Even longer and more significant trips are arranged without money. Twenty youths of my acquaintance went on a two and a half months educational tour of the Altai mountains, between Russia and Central Asia. They were accompanied by four professors, a geologist, a geographer, an anthropologist and an economist. They received food and horses from the local Republic and gave in return maps of a region never before explored.

Students from this same university went during the spring vacation to visit the coal mines of the Donetz and establish connections with the polytechnic of the miners. On the way the train broke down. The students promptly divided themselves into three groups and held three sets of continuous lecture courses for the local people, one for the peasants, one for the children, and one for the railroad workers, telling them all the things they were learning in the university.

Great emphasis now is being placed in Russia on the cultural relations between town and country. The communist government knows that its entire future depends on the ideas the young peasants acquire and their friendly relations to the city workers. A plan somewhat like our "big brother" movement is much encouraged, in which city institutions, factories, government departments adopt some village and become responsible for its cultural life, sending down books and even lecturers, and acting as guides to the peasants when they come to town. Many of the factories I know have adopted such villages. The Foreign Office has adopted a village seventy miles from Moscow, and any of their high officials may be mobilized to go down and tell those peasants about English-Russian relations or the hope of recognition from America!

The same sort of "big brother" relation is assumed towards children's homes. There is a Musical Children's Home not far from Moscow, where children showing special talent have been collected from the tens of thousands of orphans in the other children's homes in Moscow province. It has as "Big Brother" the group of artists of the Grand Opera who come down to amuse and instruct the children with wonderful concerts.

The Peasants' House, in Moscow, is another of the methods of popular education. It houses several hundred peasants—when they come up to the capitol with complaints and petitions; it furnishes them with a permanent exhibit of farming methods, a reading room and club rooms, and a legal aid bureau which connects them with all branches of the government. There are hundreds of lesser "peasants' houses" scattered through the county towns of Russia, for which the Moscow building acts as center.

THE Russian temperament seems more interested in exceptional ways of meeting emergencies than in the daily routine of ordinary education. At the time when the schools were strangled for lack of money due to the famine, the army made itself into one great school for soldiers; the trade unions organized 2,300 teaching centers and promised job preference to those who learned to read and write. The army is now one hundred per cent literate, though it draws its soldiers from illiterate villages. The trade unionists are going from bench and machine, through strenuous three-year courses in the Rabfacs, straight into the universities.

University education in Russia is a class affair. While individual students may enter, the larger number of vacancies are reserved for students recommended by trade unions, government departments or the communist party. The theory underlying this discrimination is that the (*Continued on page* 484)

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Psychotherapy Wins the Pot

Another Story of the Kangaroo Courts

By WILLIAMS AKERS

"SLIM" was a thin wiry individual whose name was never learned by those of us who were his jail companions. He seldom spoke to us and then usually in biting sentences which gave full expression to the passion of the man. Not many of us will forget how he once barked out, "There is only one thing in life that we have to do. That is die. We can always choose death instead of action we despise!"

Usually he was silent, but his moodiness was of preoccupation, self-contained. Often he came to sit in the lightest corner of the tank, sewing at his threadbare garments, patching and mending.

During the daytime, after our nine o'clock mush, it was customary for the trusty to open the doors to both upper and lower tanks so that all of us could mill around the outside of the steel box. That neatly fitting house within a house was just twenty-one feet square—seven steps and a right angle turn—seven steps and a right angle turn—on and on, over and over. Hour after hour Slim used to make the rounds, his little body hitting a rhythmic stride, his eyes ever looking at some far vision. We knew he was some sort of political prisoner but he never spoke of his arrest or its causes.

One morning two agents of the department of justice came and took Slim away. In the afternoon he came back to us beaten and exhausted. We aided him as best we could with bandages from our scanty store. Jorgenson, the big emotional Norwegian from the upper tank, ripped up his only change of underwear and we used the rags to wipe and cleanse the oozing bruises.

Our bungling attentions seemed to loosen the taut emotions of the iconoclast. He told us of his experiences of that morning while great gasps and sobs racked his body.

"Those bastards! They tried to make me sign . . . some draft papers. . . . I wouldn't talk. . . . I didn' sign. They talked, but I wouldn' answer. . . . shackled me—handcuffs—tight. . . . slugged me with their fists . . . brass knuckles. . . . Every time they knocked . . . me down . . . they stood me up again. . .

"I butted with my head . . .

"God! . . . and they took blackjacks . . . they put me out . . . I guess. . . .

"But I never will sign their damned papers! . . Their bloody farce!"

The jailer called for him to get ready. "Off to the wars you go, my boy," he shouted through the wicket. There was a hard gleam in the eyes of the battered rebel as he left us with his few belongings carried in a paper parcel.

A curt paragraph next day in one of the daily papers was headed—"HE WENT ALRIGHT." The item stated that "a recalcitrant objector to war refused to give his name and declared that he would not go into the army. After a session with officers in the federal service—he went."

We never heard more of him.

THESE events stirred us all greatly in one way or another; big Jorgenson was very deeply affected, as we began to notice after a couple of days, when he commenced to collide awkwardly with one and another in the narrow tank and in the passageways. He would look at us strangely, a mirthless laugh of apology distorting his lips. The big fellow was laboring under a tremendous strain.

In a day or two most of us had grown accustomed to the fact that Slim had been beaten up. At least a thought of his marred flesh did not always bring a choke to our throats and film to our eyes. We were forgetting even when we should remember the more tenaciously.

During the third night a sudden idiotic jabbering broke out on the insipid air. Terror seized us. We lay half awake in our canvas hammock-bunks, with hair abristle, and listened to the raving that had annihilated the silence. The dim night lights cast weird gray shadows across gray walls.

Hardly had the first spasm of high falsetto shrieks died down to an incoherent babbling than the mighty din of tinplate, scraping rapidly across cell bars, shattered our gathering poise. Again and again this sound racked the air. The jailer was slow to come.

Voices in the tank above called back and forth. I heard the "Judge" of the upper Kangaroo Court call for order. In the silence which followed we could hear the sobbing voice of Olaf—the Finnish music master—saying in accents of fear and horror, "He is grazy! absolutely grazy!"

Olaf was locked in the cell with Jorgenson, and, poor temperamental mystic, was on the point of fainting with fear at the antics of his raving cell mate who bounded about, crashing from one corner to the other, babbling and screaming in a high falsetto voice which seemed but the more terrible because of the short, deep, alternating silences.

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The jailer came at last. Olaf pleaded to be released in the tones of a beaten woman. "Let me out! Oh! *Blease,* let me out!" he cried of the phlegmatic turnkey.

"Wot tha hell!"—the night jailer was slowly responsive to the tense atmosphere of the terror-ridden place. He stood frozen outside the cell while the raving madman and his trembling cell mate both jabbered at him.

"Come here, George!" we heard the authoritative voice of the "Judge" of the upper Kangaroo Court. The turnkey obeyed. We heard whispering voices and shuffling feet in the period of comparative silence which followed. It was all mysterious, horrifying, to us lying there in the gray shadows below.

When the whispering ceased we heard the "Judge" say, "Now quiet, all you fellows!—Oh Wob!"

"Hello," answered the "Sheriff," a gigantic wobbly logger who was locked in a cell on the opposite side of the upper tank, across the corridor from the "Judge," Jorgenson and some other prisoners.

"Listen, Wob, George is going to release the master lock on the cells of your side of the tank. You come out into the corridor and get hold of Jorgenson's cell door. Then George will release the master lock on the other row of cells. You must open Jorgenson's door quickly so that Olaf can jump out and then shut it again so that Jorgenson will be safe till morning. Do you understand?"

"Sure!" bellowed the wobbly "Sheriff."

"Do you understand, Olaf?"

"Oh! Yes! Hurry up!"

Those of us down below could hear the clang and rattle of slipping locks and opening doors—a shuffle of bare feet on the steel floor, a few whispers, a blood-curdling scream, more drawing of steel bolts and a loud crash as the door to Jorgenson's cell was banged shut leaving Olaf rescued outside.

The turnkey brought a canvas and bedding for the still frightened man, who was taken into the cell with the "Sheriff" to wait for dawn. We all settled down to a night of jagged nerves and wide-eyed wakefulness.

Jorgenson became more and more coherent. He stopped his jumping about. An occasional word became clear among a string of sounds and soon whole sentences were understandable.

"They took him out from here. Yes. They asked him, 'Will you fight?' And he said, 'Yes. All my life I will fight! You and everything you stand for!' And so they slugged him."

The Norwegian's tirade rolled on and on.

"One would hit him in the face with his fist. One would be afraid of his knuckles—would only kick him as he lay on the floor. And they bring him back to teach us our lesson. Slim was our school teacher. Ha! Ha!

"I knew a teacher once. Frank Little! And they hung him to a Butte railroad trestle. Frank Little! Yes! He was crippled. He was ruptured. He had a busted leg. They took him out of his room at night and dragged him through the streets. They hung him to a bridge so that we could all be taught our lesson—easy! All his life he was a teacher to us stiffs. And he was a lesson when he dangled there on the end of the rope. Gke—e—e—e—e—e—e—eee——

"And the Speculator mine. My brother was there. Burnt up like a rat. Like a rabbit in a brush fire. Because they were too stingy to open up a man shaft. A-ch-ch-ch! How they love their money! They are full of love! Let three hundred more miners burn!

"They beat up because of love! They go to war for love! German soldiers cut hands off Belgian babies . . . and they send preachers to tell us—for love! Love! Love!

"The Seattle woman slugger—everybody knows him. He is full of love! They cry 'whore house district' and the woman slugger is turned loose in the town! While the papers howl, 'See! Look! Bring back the district! Decent women must be protected! Let the logger buy his woman when he comes to town. But the woman must not keep the money. . . . Lash them till they give it up! Ha! Ha! E e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e- yah!

"They put on big bruises that are hot and feel like mush. They love to bruise! People like Slim they take away. Handcuffs! Shackled feet! Slugging! And then they said, 'He didn't fight fair! He tried to butt us with his head!' He—e—e—e—e He—e—e—e—"

Home—forecastle—mine—mill—camp. Stories of German atrocities, newspaper murder yarns, American lynchings, tar and feather parties . . .

Jorgenson shouted on till silenced by exhaustion at dawn.

THE rattle of the mush can started most of us from our fitful late morning sleep. The head jailer came and padlocked Jorgenson's cell door so that all other prisoners would have the liberty of the tank as usual while he would stay locked up in solitary confinement.

When it was suggested to the jailer that a doctor be called for the sick man and that he be taken to an asylum, the response was a grunt. "Huh!" said Jim, "If we took him out all you guys would be goin' batty."

After mush time, when the upper and lower doors were unlocked, the inmates of both tanks mingled together. "Judges" and "Sheriffs" held a conference. We four officials talked over Jorgenson's case.

During the three months that I had been in the

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tank many changes had occurred. Most of those who had been in the place when I came had been removed—some to other jails, some to their freedom and others were off to the army. An election had conferred on me the office of "Judge" of the Kangaroo Court of the lower tank. Already I was an old-timer in the jail government.

Olaf explained to us the preliminary antics of the madman. We studied over the story of how his nervousness had grown into mania. We talked at Jorgenson through the bars. He only hid his face.

Hour after hour we dug at the problem. Jim, the head jailer, refused to notify the doctor even after we called him into our meeting and explained our opinions on the subject formally.

"Wait a few days," he said. "He'll get over it if he is locked in his cell and kept quiet. If he don't, we can call the doctor then."

So the session was prolonged. All the wildest theories of psychopathology were rehearsed. It so happened that the course in general education, which had been laid out for us by some good angel in the library of Tacoma, had passed from biology into psychology. The half dozen various text books on the subject—part of the contribution of fifty volumes which were delivered to our Kangaroo Courts each month—were delved into deeply.

We discussed the sanitary conditions as factors in breaking Jorgenson down. Probably nothing would have happened had we been in a position to get a measure of stiff exercise in the fresh air. Access to a wood pile, a gravel pit, or even a cage in the open where the sun could strike us and the untainted air of outdoors could soothe our shrunken lungs—any such place would have helped to keep us in condition.

Or perhaps if the food had been fit for human consumption we would have had a reserve nerve force to draw upon. But not the food which we received. A monotonous recurrence of pasty, rolled oat mush, usually afflicted with weevils; of corrosive coffee which no one could stomach, except drug addicts breaking off the habit; steamed liver, lifeless and plastery, without seasoning, neither raw nor cooked; soya beans, never fit for human food and doubly repulsive after the processes of the "chef."

These were our staple items which seldom varied except when an inspector came around. This menu came in regular rotation, one horror each day. Mush for breakfast and the "premiere" distributed at a five o'clock "tea."

Altogether we found little in our surroundings which we could think of as being conducive to health and sanity. But we were optimists. We passed by the possibility of forcing Jorgenson into an insane asylum where he might get better attention. We discussed half-heartedly the matter of a strike and "battleship," a sort of jail riot in which every article is smashed or wrecked and the powers that be are defied. But we had an idea that we could cure the sick man by some sort of mental exercises. Neuroses, dissociated ideas, fear complexes, all the patter of an insane asylum or of a psychoanalyst class was mulled about.

"What we need," summed up the "Sheriff" of the lower tank, "is some system right now that will cause Jorgenson voluntarily to take his mind off his troubles and give him something to think about and at the same time bring into play some of the instincts which he has been unable to use."

"Now you've said it!" exclaimed Wob, the "Sheriff" of the upper tank. "Draw poker will put pep in any man in a dump like this. It occupies the mind. Did you ever see a poker hound on the job that had mind left over for anything else? If Jorgenson gets into a poker game he will have lots to make him forget his troubles for a few hours—that is if he wins a little bit."

Our decision was made. We would use poker as a curative agent in our mental treatment.

THAT night was a repetition of the one which had startled us before. Jorgenson talked incessantly and loudly. He rehearsed the horrors mentioned during the previous harangue and included others which he had missed. It was impossible for us to sleep. We lay and listened to his summing up of the shortcomings of society.

Some did not appreciate this wakefulness. The suggestion was made to have the sick man transferred to the padded cell; but the Kangaroo Court officials vetoed this at once. We were too full of zeal for our program of mental treatment.

The next day our plan went into effect. Five of us were locked into the corridor of the upper tank and all the cell doors were opened. Jorgenson came out. His shifty eyes refused to look at us but we barely noticed him. We pulled out a brand-new deck of cards together with all the money that the combined credit of the two courts could gather.

At five cent ante the game waxed fast and furious. As much as a dollar changed hands in a single pot. We paid no undue attention to Jorgenson. Occasionally as he passed by and glanced into the draw which one of us was concealing from our fellow gamblers, we made a remark or looked at him with the veiled suggestion that the situation called for. "I drew to the small pair," or "Caught the seven."

To tell the truth our interest in the cards was more real than assumed. We were soon so absorbed in the game that we forgot that it was an experiment in psychotherapy. The atmosphere of suggestion became more and more intense. Jorgenson occasionally stopped and glanced at our feverish play over one of the larger pots. When some one said, "I'll raise you a dime," his nervous pacing about made our table the center of his orbit.

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It was early afternoon when we thought to make the test and inveigle the sick man into our game.

"Bill Akers," shouted the trusty through the bars. "Visitors out front."

"Wait for me till I get back," I said hurriedly while the trusty rattled the keys lazily in front of the tank doors.

"Aw, to thunder with this four-handed poker," said Wob. "That game is too tame. Get somebody to play in your place." My eye fell on Jorgenson. "Say, Jorgenson," I said. "Come play my hand till I get back. I won't be long."

Without a word the big Norwegian slumped himself onto the box which I vacated. The trusty let me out the door and I shuffled downstairs. The game went on.

Jorgenson played without speaking. He rapped for passing and used his fingers signalling for cards. He played a tight hand and with the connivance of his fellow players he had added three dollars to my pile of coins when I returned to take my place.

We effected the gamblers' split of the winnings and invited him to continue the game. It was still early afternoon. By lock-up time Jorgenson had doubled his capital.

Three dollars at that time was an enormous sum to gain with just a few hours of play. The rate of pay was ten cents a day for all labor performed for the court by incoming prisoners who worked out their entrance fine. If it is sound economics to base all comparative values on the wages of day labor, Jorgenson had made a haul.

That night we slept soundly till early morning. Then the deranged man repeated his talking aloud but there was less passion in his sentences. Occasionally he seemed to realize that he was disturbing the rest of us. He was still far from normal.

The next day Jorgenson was again inveigled into the game with his winnings. A streak of luck came to him and he pressed us close. We were commencing to face bankruptcy in our medical adventure. Play as we might, we could not hold him. Our Frankenstein sat grimly through his success.

TOWARDS afternoon we were distributed by cries of "Fish! Fish!" A newcomer was being locked up among us. A fat, swarthy Slav—we sized him up for either bootlegger or pimp at once. He carried the air with him.

"Poker, huh?" he cried before any of us had spoken to him. "I show you how to play as soon I get this bunk strung up. Which cell?"

"A gift from heaven!" sighed the "Judge" of the upper court. For the playing of our part in the medical experiment had almost made defaulting treasurers of us both. We helped the new man string up his bunk and when he produced a wrinkled five dollar bill, we made room for him to play.

The man had concealed money in various parts of his person besides the sum which had been taken for safe keeping by the jailer. He was evidently an old-timer at his business.

A REAL game developed. Jorgenson played a brilliant hand, quietly, without comment. The bootlegger liked to "ride" a losing player. "A hell of a player you are! Huh! Tryin' to fill a little straight when you see me callin' for two cards."

When he won a pot he would brag about it loudly. "I'll show you guys how to play by and by. Dis damn run of luck is against me, but it will turn. Den I'll show youse."

The bootlegger redeemed our fading treasury and fed the accumulation that kept growing under our patient's careful management. The corners of the sick man's mouth were still drawn down. But at each pot that he won a happy childlike smile would creep about his eyes for an instant and tug at the down-curving lines.

It was getting close to lock-up time when a big hand arrived. It was my deal at the cards. The bootlegger opened the pot. "She is opened, by God," he cried. "Two bits."

Jorgenson tossed in a quarter silently, with the same precision that had marked his quiet movements all afternoon. I stayed with a couple of pairs and Wob contributed a quarter on a four card straight. Wob drew one and threw his hand away. The bootlegger stood pat. Jorgenson took two cards and I dealt myself one. The booze-runner bet a dollar. Jorgenson raised fifty cents, and I threw my hand away.

An atmosphere of tense excitement gripped all of us. The bootlegger raised Jorgenson again—two dollars. Jorgenson met and raised. Back and forth went the struggle until all of Jorgenson's winnings were on the table. He called for a showdown.

The bootlegger held a full house, aces and kings. Laughing with ugly exultation he reached for the pot. "Wait, my dear sir!" said Jorgenson—the first rational words he had spoken to any one since Slim had come back to us beaten up and bruised. He showed four tens and stood upon his feet.

The game and the experiment in psychotherapy were both over.

Never did such a change come over a deranged man. As Jorgenson gathered in the scattered change and the dirty, wrinkled bills he hummed a little aria to himself—a lilting folksong of his childhood days. "Say," he said as he prepared to enter his cell, "I was feeling rotten for a long time. Awful rotten. I feel a little better tonight."

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Jewish market women in Poland

Five Ghettos of the Modern Exodus

PARIS, VENICE, KRAKOW, WILNO, LUBLIN

Paintings by Lionel S. Reiss

MR. REISS' desire is to compile a Graphic History of the Ghettos of the world. After twenty months he has returned from the first lap of his journey and here, reproduced for the first time, are his watercolors of the Jewish quarters of Paris, Krakow, Venice, Wilno and Lublin, together with a few leaves from his sketchbook showing types of the Jews in Galicia and Poland.

Mr. Reiss' drawings and etchings of New York Ghetto types are familiar to a public here. In March of 1922, began the first realization of an old dream. He set out on a pilgrimage, equipped with a bicycle and a knapsack of drawing material, to follow, as he says, "in the footsteps of the wandering Jew," and to reproduce the places made memorable by Jewish life and activity. What this means, one may imagine who remembers how widely and how far the Jew has adventured since the first Ghettos were established as early as 1570. Over the earth they journeyed from city to city and, although in many lands it is no longer compulsory to live within the pale they have always founded their own quarter wherever they stopped for a time.

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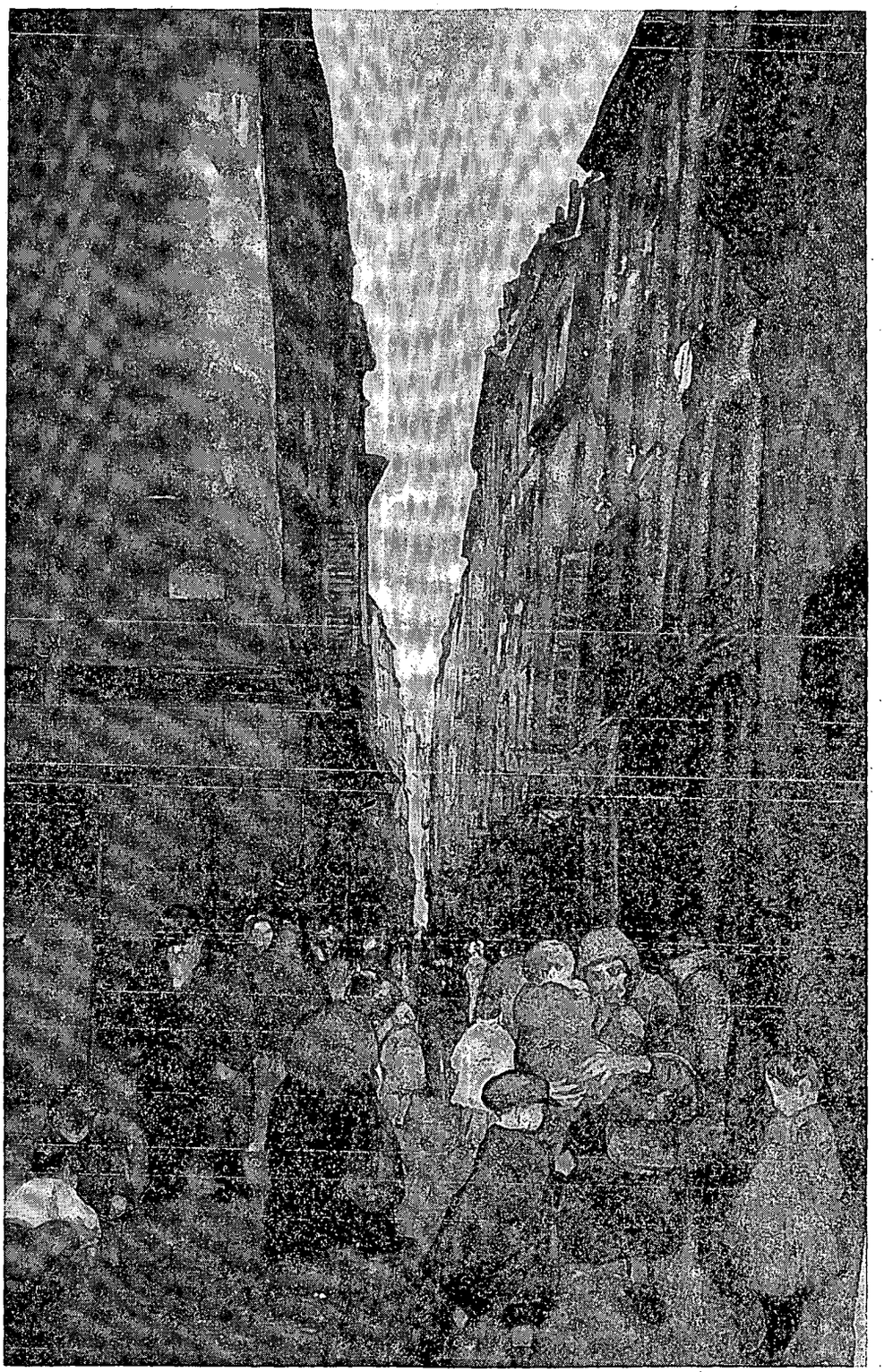

THE GHETTO OF PARIS

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THE BRIDGE TO THE GHETTO IN VENICE

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RABBI MEISEL'S COURT, KRAKOW

Krakow is the stronghold of the Chasidic Jew. Here they still wear the costumes of medieval times.

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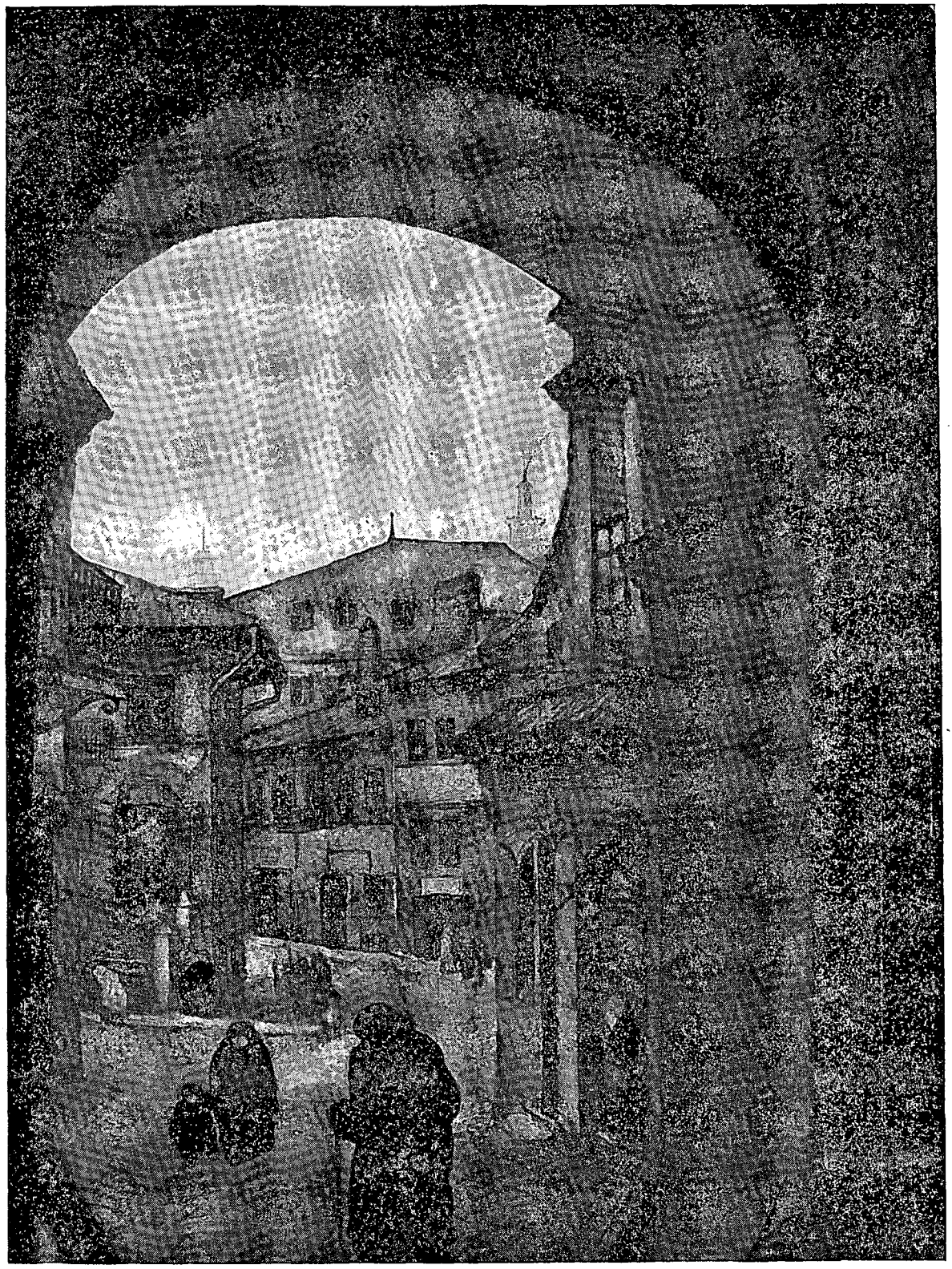

THROUGH THE GHETTO GATE OF LUBLIN

The Ghetto of Lublin is one of the most picturesque and one of the oldest in Poland.

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THE GHETTO STREET, WILNO

The ancient capitol of Lithuania now under Polish rule. The arches over the narrow ghetto alleys, the gaudily colored houses, remind one of Venice in Italy.

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The Need of Protecting Patients from the Pedagogic Enthusiasm of Medical Teachers

By RICHARD C. CABOT

IT seems a strange complaint that a teacher is too enthusiastic about his teaching. One does not erect barriers, ordinarily, to restrain the professor, so that he shall not be too eager fully and accurately to represent the truth of his subject and vividly to picture it for his pupils. Yet in medical teaching, such barriers have to be erected, such complaints have justly to be uttered. As a teacher of clinical medicine, I have deserved such complaints and seen to the erection of such barriers against myself. The teacher of mineralogy is not likely to hurt the minerals, nor the teacher of Dante to hurt that great poet, by displaying these subjects just as they are to his pupils. But the professor of medicine is teaching not doctrine or appreciation, but the actual conditions of sick persons. Here, unfortunately, the teacher's eagerness and enthusiasm may be wholly good for the students and wholly bad for the patients whom he uses as his "teaching material."

Medicine is taught by exhibiting patients before a class or by bringing members of the class—in smaller or larger groups—into contact with sick people, either in an Out-Patient clinic or hospital ward,—more rarely, in patients' homes. But in the process of explaining to students his patient's disease, the teacher may injure the patient and aggravate his disease. This is obvious but not always recognized. The superintendent of every great hospital who is awake to his responsibility to the patients in the wards, to the trustees of the institution and to the general public, must be constantly on the alert to protect patients against the enthusiasm of the teachers, who are also the physicians of the hospital. This does not mean any inhumanity or carelessness on the part of the teacher. It is an untoward result of that concentration, without some degree of which no good work is possible. It may be worth thousands of dollars to the future patients of the medical students whom we teach that we should familiarize them with certain sounds in the lung of a pneumonic patient or of a sufferer from early tuberculosis. But this gain to the medical student and to their future patients may cost the life of the patient now examined.

How can the superintendent of a hospital of 500 beds—where teaching may be going on in half a dozen wards at once—be certain that no teacher's enthusiasm runs away with him and makes him sacrifice the welfare and the comfort of the patients to the demands of good teaching. The superintendent cannot be in all these wards at once, nor can he trust that the hospital's general regulations relative to use and abuse of medical teaching will be remembered at all times by all the physicians and surgeons who teach in that hospital. He tells them, from time to time, "not to overwork the patients," not to bring more than a certain number of classes into a given ward each week. This is of value and cuts off a certain amount of danger of abuse. But it is not enough. Sometimes a hospital superintendent is aided by the head nurses, in the different wards who fortunately are thinking much more vividly of the patient's welfare than of the needs of medical teaching and who (at the superintendent's request) sometimes keep their eyes wide open so that they are able tactfully to suggest to a teacher that perhaps such and such a patient has too much fever or a too low blood count or has lost a little too much sleep of late to be suitable for an amphitheatre clinic or for discussion at a ward visit. These restraining influences do something to safeguard the patients' interest and to mitigate the pedagogic ardor of the physicians. Yet I am quite sure that despite such endeavor, it is impossible altogether to avoid the abuse of hospital patients in medical teaching.

I do not mean that this is happening frequently. No one can know enough to make such an assertion. But I know that I have needed to be "called down" myself in such a matter and I assume that others may be as forgetful as I.

II

There is another type of case in which the establishment of a diagnosis and its demonstration to medical students may produce no harmful fatigue or obvious physical injury and yet may do the patient substantial harm. For example:—One of the knacks that every medical student needs to learn is the technique of feeling what we call a "floating kidney." When the student's hands are made to move in a particular way on the surface of the patient's body, the movable kidney may be made to shoot out from between the hands as an orange seed can be

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swiftly squeezed out between one's fingers. Now when this pleasant little trick is successfully performed by the physician—while the students look on—the physician's face is apt to assume an expression like that of a sportsman who sees game in the thicket. He may say nothing at all, but the patient is sure to see that he is interested and to feel that something has happened inside her,—for movable or floating kidneys are much commoner in women than in men. What is the harm in all this?

Such a demonstration does harm because in the majority of cases, such a movable kidney is a perfectly normal thing—not evidence of disease, not producing any symptoms, not needing any treatment. The physician's chief duty, when he finds it, is to *keep it dark,* since almost any other attitude is misleading. When the patient sees that the doctor and students are keenly interested in this phenomenon—and especially if she hears the awful words "floating kidney"— she begins to have pains and other symptoms in that part of the body and soon develops a full-grown neurosis which it may take years or months to break up.

Or, take the phenomenon called "multiple personality." A well-known physician recently analysed the personality of a certain lady into five distinct sub-personalities. A still more distinguished French neurologist said to me, after studying this case, "Yes, it is very interesting and if her physician, Dr. ——, continues his interest in her, she will soon have six, seven or eight personalities." Here diagnosis produces disease, while neglect or ignorance of the phenomenon tends to make it disappear. I understand that this lady, not long after, had the good fortune to be happily married and was soon so distracted from the interest in her various personalities, that they collapsed into one.

Take a third example: I remember the case of a Jewish patient, recently arrived in this country after a pogrom in Kirshinev. In this pogrom the patient had seen friends and relatives killed, had himself been knocked down and run over by a mob. When I saw him he was still so shaken and haunted by these events that if one told his story in a vivid manner to medical students in his presence and then mimicked the action of his assailants and as a part of one's dramatic recital, advanced in a threatening way towards him, he would fall to the ground insensible and in his trance live over again the horror of the massacre, struggling on the ground against imaginary assailants. Now, this was a most instructive sight for medical students, exhibiting beautifully the pathology of hysteria. But every time that this poor man went into such a fit, the habit paths were creased deeper so as to make it easier for him to slide along into another such fit on slighter and slighter provocation. The diagnostic exhibition aggravated the disease. But few neurologists could resist the temptation of pulling off such a magnificent show before a group of students, when the opportunity offered, and one must candidly recognize the great value to the medical students and to their future patients, of seeing so mordant an event.

From what I have written thus far it must be clear that eternal vigilance must be exercised, if patients are to be protected,—not from the inhumanity or heartlessness of their physicians, but simply from the enthusiasm and pedagogic eagerness of teachers who, with the best of motives, are trying to aid humanity, their students and the future patients of these students. One can easily imagine that a patient might be willing to sacrifice himself for such a cause and might agree to suffer some aggravation of his trouble for the sake of the benefit to accrue to others. But I suppose we all agree that no one should be *forced* to any such sacrifice or inveigled into it without his consent. He should be free to accept or refuse such an opportunity to benefit his fellowmen at the cost of his own brain and body. Hospital trustees, hospital superintendents, hospital nurses and social workers should be appealed to by physicians who can't help recognizing (if they are honest) their own frailities in this regard. We, as physicians, should evoke the aid of any such dispassionate persons in order to restrain us from our own folly, to remind us of our own deepest desires for service, especially when the more limited impulses of pedagogic enthusiasm tend to run away with us.

III

In this connection, I may mention a recent addition to our means of safeguarding the interest of the patient in the hurly burly of medical teaching,—the multiple electrical stethoscope. By means of this instrument (lent to me by the Western Electric Company of New York and adapted to medical uses through the ingenuity of Dr. C. J. Gamble, recently medical interne at the Massachusetts General Hospital), it is now possible for a class of seventy-five students and presumably, of any other convenient number, to hear simultaneously, while sitting in their seats in an amphitheatre, the sounds produced by the heart or the lungs of a patient and transmitted through wires leading to each student's seat and eventually to his ears, through the ear pieces of a stethoscope. The obvious advantages secured by this machine are as follows:—

1. While seventy-five or presumably hundred twenty-five (the present limit in numbers of a medical class at Harvard), can listen simultaneously, the patient undergoes no more fatigue than if a single person had listened. The patient can be dismissed and set at peace in a minute or two, as a rule, instead of having to submit to being listened to by from ten

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to seventy-five persons, as is ordinarily the case in teaching medical students what they should hear in the normal or diseased heart and lungs. It is true that the patient doesn't have to move or exert himself, but to a sick person—especially if there is any element of dread or worry in his constitution, such a prolonged ordeal is considerable.

2. A patient with heart disease (and some of those without) has difficulty in breathing when a group of medical students crowd closely around. He certainly finds it harder to breathe, probably because the temperature and mobility of the air around him is impaired. At any rate, it is the fact that such patients—after a few minutes of sitting quietly in the center of a close group of students—though making no exertion, often begin to show distress in breathing and even to complain of faintness. With the multiple electrical stethoscope the students may be at any distance from the patient and do not naturally approach within twenty or thirty feet of him. The teacher, alone, sits near him and holds the instrument against his chest, at the same time listening through an instrument similar to that which the students use, so that he can hear simultaneously what they hear and can comment on it from second to second.

3. We found, experimentally, during June, 1923, that by special wiring we could connect the hospital ward (which is about six hundred feet from the amphitheatre) directly with the instrument through which the students listened. In this way a patient, lying quietly in bed, and aware of no students whatever, can be listened to by a room full of men six hundred feet away and everything can be heard as well as if they were at the patient's bedside.

Many times the physician or the nurse may be in doubt whether the patient may or might not be injured physically or hurt mentally by the exertion, excitement and fear attendant on being moved from his bed, downstairs and through corridors, to a distant amphitheatre. Under these conditions it is often impossible to teach students what they ought to know about many critical phases of illness unless, as suggested earlier in this article, we are so forgetful of the patient's interest as to subject him to unjust fatigue. With this instrument such fatigue can be avoided and important physical signs of disease demonstrated to classes at a safe distance where they can do the patient no harm.

This instrument is now in use at the Massachusetts General Hospital and so far as I know in no other hospital in the country, although similar instruments have been used in various laboratories for experimental purposes.

When the benefits of this instrument are generally recognized, it will bring very great improvements in medical teaching and help to safeguard the hospital patient from that excessive but myopic enthusiasm against which medical teachers (if I may judge from my own case) must always be on their guard.

IV.

Akin to the subject of just dealing with patients which I have just been trying to describe, there are some further matters of common decency wherein there is no particular question of physical harm but wherein—as I see it—our pedagogic or scientific enthusiasm is apt to make us forget the common claims of humanity.

First, we should (though we often do not) ask the patient's consent before using him as teaching material. In don't mean that we now use him in spite of his expressed dissent, but it is quite common to hurry a patient into a teaching amphitheatre without asking him anything as to his wish or even explaining where he is going. This is especially true of out-patient teaching. Patients who come to the out-patient to get advice and treatment that day are often detained for teaching purposes without any "by your leave" or "with your permission," at all. The excuse often given is that we are treating them free and that they should pay for this treatment through lending themselves for teaching purposes. This may well be true but even then, I think the patient's consent should be asked, since there is no advertisement outside the hospital to the effect that every patient coming there may, without consent, be made subject of class demonstration.

Second, when we keep patients away from their work for teaching purposes, we should, I think, pay them, and I have done this for a good many years.

Third, in every piece of scientific research, what are known as control cases are essential. We try such and such a diagnostic or therapeutic method on cases of particular disease. We need to see what effects it has on normal people or people with other diseases. Such people, either as convalescent or cases of chronic illness, are usually present in our wards. There is a great temptation to use them as controls; that is, to perform a slight experiment upon them without asking any permission. Our justification is that we are sure it will do no harm. But this does not seem to me sufficient. Even though we are sure that such an experiment is harmless, the patient has a right to decide whether or not he will submit to it. Most patients, in my experience, are wonderfully obliging—even self-sacrificing—in this respect, providing we take the time to explain what we are about and its possible benefit to others.

In all these matters, as well as in the more dangerous pedagogic enthusiasm described in the earlier part of this paper, physicians should, in my opinion, welcome scrutiny and criticism or, at any rate, reminders from humane, dispassionate persons, either within the hospital or outside it.

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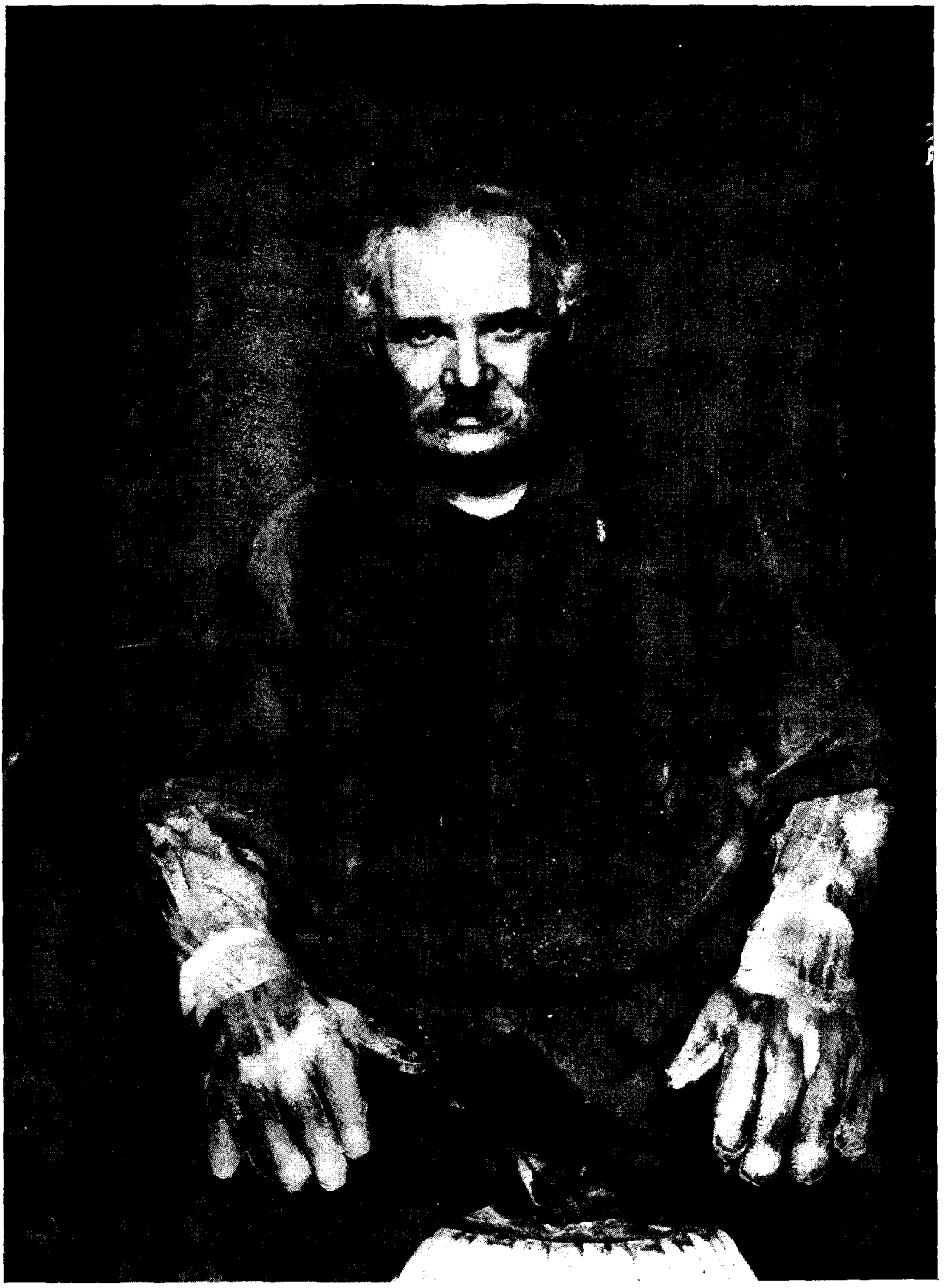

A CARROTER IN HIS SHOP REGALIA
WORK PORTRAIT BY LEWIS W. HINE

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A Medieval Industry in the Twentieth Century

By ALICE HAMILTON, M. D.

Photographs by Lewis W. Hine

FELT was known long before felt hats were made. It was discovered, perhaps first by shepherds and herdsmen, that when the woolly hairs of sheep or camels were pressed a long time in heat and dampness they matted together to form a tough and solid fabric. According to the legend, St. Clemens Romanus, patron of the hatters, when on a pilgrimage lined his sandals with wool to ease his feet and found that the heat and sweat and pressure had formed a sandal of felt. Pliny says the Gauls made a felt so strong that it would resist a sword stroke.

At some time and somewhere, undiscoverable in the literature of felt making so far as I have been able to unearth it, somebody discovered that if fur which was to be used for felt were treated with a compound of nitric acid and mercury (acid nitrate of mercury) the hairs would felt more easily and the felt would be stronger. Today all fur felt, except that for velour hats, is customarily put through this process which is not used for wool felt and which is called carrotting. Apparently the process was invented in France and was kept by the French hatters as a precious secret. An Englishman writing in 1585 says:

> As the fashions be rare and strange, so is the stuffe whereof hats be made divers also; for some are of silke, some of velvet, some of taffetie, some of sarcenet, some of wooll, and, which is more curious, some of a certaine kind of fine haire. These they call beaver hattes of twenty, thirty, or forty shillings price, fetched from beyond the seas from whence a greate sorte of other varieties doe come besides.

I suspect that the inventor of the process of making these "beaver hattes" was a Huguenot; certainly the secret passed into Huguenot hands, and at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, when the Huguenots fled to England they carried with them the secret of the process, established the trade there, and for almost a century thereafter the French were dependent on England for their felt. Then, toward the end of the eighteenth century when toleration was reestablished in France, the secret was brought back but from that time on was never the exclusive property of any country. In France the mercurial fluid is still called "le secret," the process "sécrétage," the workers "sécréteurs," but in English speaking lands the words used are carrot, carrotting, and carrotters, because when white skins are thus treated and heat dried they take on a carrot color. The formula used is in many places still a secret, although it is probable that the proportions of mercury and nitric acid do not vary much. Some of the French formulae, which are also used in this country, are said to call for the addition of white arsenic and of bichlorid of mercury.

The two features that have given to this industry its bad reputation are the use of the nitrate of mercury and the presence of emery dust and great quantities of fine fur in the air of workshops. That mercurialism is a danger is denied by nobody, although opinions differ as to its frequency and its seriousness. Nor would there be any difference of opinion as to the harm done by the siliceous dust which is produced in the finishing department by rubbing the hat with sand paper to smooth it, a process called pouncing. But with regard to the fine fur particles and the sharper,

The French Hat in the Ring

NOT the plumed helmet of Henry of Navarre: nevertheless the story reaches back to that century of religious toleration in France when the Huguenots were living unmolested under his Edict of Nantes. Their craftsmen held the secret of making felt by treating fur with acid nitrate of mercury. In 1685 Louis XIV revoked the Edict and they fled carrying the secret with them. The felt hat trade took root in England and later spread throughout Europe and the United States. That is how, in our day, we have hat factories at Danbury and the Oranges, New York and Philadelphia.

Now as then poison for the worker lurks in the old process. More Hugenots were doubtless victims to it than had been massacred on St. Bartholomew's Eve. The industrial hygienists reveal its ravages.

But today certain French felt makers claim to have found a non-mercury carrot. This also is a secret. Must we wait for another uprooting of peoples to spread the boon? Or is this the type of social invention which the International Labor Office of the League of Nations should find and spread?

Meanwhile, are American manufacturers and industrial chemists to let the challenge go unmet?

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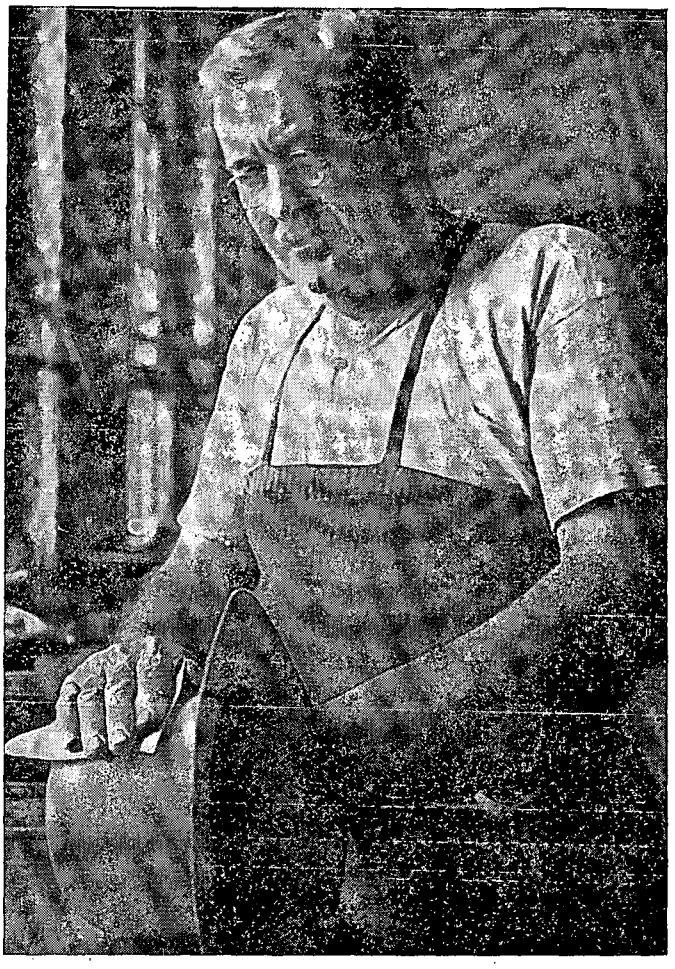

In hand finishing, fine particles of sand. constitute one of the dangers to workers in the hatter's trade

harder bits of hair which fill the air even of the best shops to some extent and form a dense fog in the bad ones, about the danger of such dust nothing positive is known. Some authorities assume that this dust is harmful, others declare that they can find no evidence of injury among the men and women working in these processes. The attitude of the chief industrial insurance companies has strengthened the impression that the hatters' trade is more harmful than the average, for they class as undesirable risks many groups of workmen in the trade.

It is especially the French and Belgians and Russians who have given the trade its bad name. The French paint a most gloomy picture of the ill health of fur cutters and hatters and ever since 1869 there has been a strong effort in France to introduce a non-mercurial carrotting fluid and make its use compulsory. In Belgium the fur cutting plants are filthy and repulsive and the percentage of mercurialism, according to the 1902 report of the chief medical inspector, ranged from 37.21 per cent in a good factory to 89 per cent in a bad. The English figures fall far below this, and the reports from Italy and Austria are not nearly so bad. The Russian plants; however, must have been pretty bad because in 1902 a certain Levitsky was sent by the Moscow Zemstvo over Europe to obtain suggestions for a non-poisonous substitute for mercurial carrot. The Moscow Zemstvo, he said, was faced with the question "of delivering several hundred thousands of men and women from the suffering caused by chronic mercurialism, from invalidism, and premature death." He took back a French formula and the Zemstvo induced one of the cooperative factories to work it up into felt. This was done with such success that two more factories undertook to carrot by this method altogether, the Zemstvo guaranteeing them against loss for four years. The hat makers of St. Petersburg, Moscow and Warsaw declared the felt satisfactory, and in 1909 Levitsky was able to write that 67 plants employing 1,500 workers were using the new formula. A recent communication from the Bureau of Russian Information in New York is to the effect that the Russians intend to keep on using the non-mercurial process.

THE first mention of the manufacture of felt hats in the United States was in 1662 when the Virginia Assembly offered a reward of ten pounds of tobacco for every good felt hat produced from the fur of native animals. The earliest study of mercurial poisoning in the trade was made by Dr. J. Addison Freeman,, of Orange, New Jersey, in 1859, and twenty years later Dr. L. Dennis, also of Orange, wrote a very complete report on the subject. Conditions in the industry at that time seem to have been very bad, partly because of the use of very strongly carrotted shoddy. In some instances "all hands in the shop within a few days were rendered unfit for work or had their health impaired." Dennis reports 450 cases of mercurial poisoning.

Three studies have been made of the factories in and around New York City, by the State Factory Inspection Service, by the New York City Department of Health, and by the Woman's Department of the National Civic Federation. Dr. L. I. Harris of New York found among nearly 350 employees in the hatters' fur industry and the manufacture of felt hats, 14 per cent with marked mercurialism and another 14 per cent with milder poisoning. The Civic Federation report, published in 1912, describes 80 cases of mercurialism which originated in the hatters' trade of New York and vicinity, including Orange, New Jersey. They followed up the cases in hospitals and almshouses, where they found much more serious forms of poisoning than those described by men who have made their examinations among the working force.

Since that time it is especially in the New Jersey factories that radical reforms have been made. The New Jersey Department of Labor under the late Commissioner Lewis T. Bryant has done very efficient work in the sanitation of this industry, and a

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pamphlet written by Lillian Erskine of that department is still the authoritative publication on this trade.

IN the Spring of 1921 I went to Danbury, Connecticut, to see what I could discover about the evils of this trade in an old hatting center. The Danbury hatters are a group of trades-unionists made famous as defendants in a boycott case carried to the United States Supreme Court. Less well known is their title to renown for the part they played in the effort, inaugurated by the Society for the Prevention of Blindness, to make possible the use in industry of revenue-free denatured alcohol, as had been done for decades in all other countries. It was a great help to the Society to have affidavits from Danbury physicians to present to the Ways and Means Committee, certifying to the injurious effects of wood alcohol in no less than seventy-four hatters who had used it as a solvent in stiffening hats.

Wood alcohol poisoning being a thing of the past, the two questions in my mind when I went to Danbury concerned mercurialism, (which would be shown chiefly as "hatters' shakes,") and injury from dust (which would be shown by an unusually high death rate from pneumonia and tuberculosis).

This trade falls into two main divisions, the organized and the unorganized. The latter takes in all the preliminary processes of fur preparation and is known as the "hatters' furriers trade." In Danbury the men and women employed in this branch are for the greater part Armenians and Syrians. Their work is often filthy and sometimes carried on in an atmosphere thick with fur dust, but not so many of them are exposed to the vapors of mercury as is true of the men in the other branch. It is only fair to say in passing that the one model fur cutting plant in Danbury is Buzaid's and Joe Buzaid is a Syrian immigrant who worked his way up from the bottom and who has installed in his own large factory every modern device to make the work safer and more comfortable.

The union hatters—the trade is strongly though not universally organized—are mostly American born, many of Irish descent. There are two divisions of the trade of making felt hats, the "back shop" or hat makers, and the "front shop" or hat finishers. The back shop is usually a great contrast to the front. Here are all the wet and steaming and hot processes and many of those that are attended with excessive amounts of fur dust. There is some discomfort if not hazard in every department of the back shop while the front shop is usually clean, light and cool, as safe as a millinary shop; yet in one department the risk from mercury vapor is as great as it is anywhere in the back shop and the risk from injurious dust is greater. This is in the so-called finishing, where the felt hats are given a final pressing with hot irons and a final smoothing with sand paper. In pressing, the heat volatilizes the last of the mercury which is still in the felt and the man must bend low over the hat, in a position to breathe in the fumes. In using the sand paper, —"pouncing"—a very fine dust is given off, containing free silica, which is notoriously dangerous to human lungs.

In pressing, the heat volatilizes the mercury which is still in the felt. The man bends low over the hat in a position to breathe in the fumes

As Danbury is practically a single industry town, the doctors all have hatters among their patients. I interviewed ten physicians who had been in practice from three to thirty-five years and none of them believed that mercurialism nowadays was serious nor that hatters were more prone to respiratory disease than the average. Nevertheless, the Connecticut statistics show that Danbury has a death rate from tuberculosis of 1.21 per thousand, while Torrington, a manufacturing town of about the same size, has only 0.48 per thousand.

But this might be due to the large proportion of Irish Americans in Danbury, and while the chief industrial insurance companies all discriminated against the trade, both branches, they did not agree as to which jobs are the most hazardous, nor were their decisions based on a careful study.

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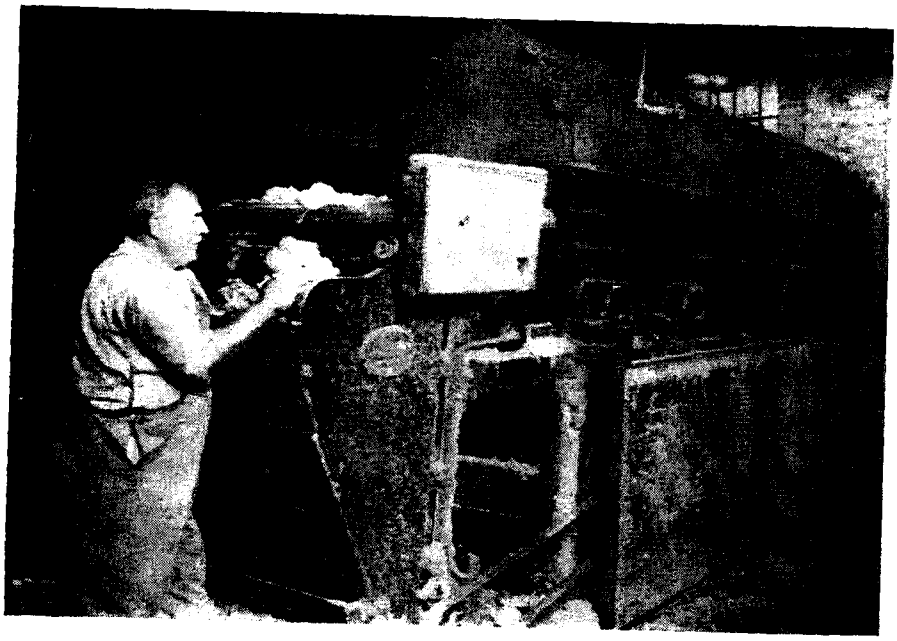
"Carrotting"—applying nitrate of mercury to the skins

Bowing

The "blower" takes the place of the ancient bow



The "Mystery" of Felt

THIS old print depicts the first three processes of the "art" or "mystery" of Felt Hat Making as carried on in 1790 by William Carrington of Cale Green, Stockport, England. The craft is still carried on at Cale Green by his descendants.

The half tones are from photographs taken by Lewis W. Hine in American plants.

To make felt it was early found that three things were necessary: first, the hairs must be evenly spread over a surface, and this was done by blowing them into the air and letting them fall. but the draft must not be strong, and so the method was adopted which is shown in the panel at the left, and which, we are told, is still used in China. The currents of air produced by striking a bow string provide just the right amount of draft needed.

After that, the felting must begin and for this two things are needed: moist heat and pressure, gentle at first then more vigorous. Hot water was sprinkled over the layer of

Weighing the fur

Cutting the fur

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Stiffening

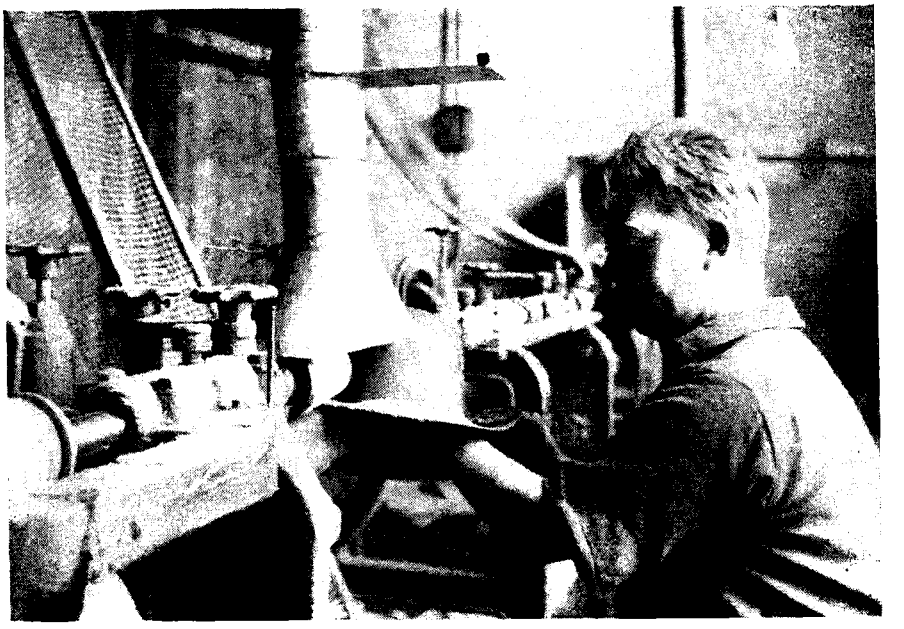
·g—*Ancient and Modern.*

hair; it was rolled in a wet cloth and pressed with the hands till it formed a delicate, thin sheet of felt which was strong enough to be plunged into hot water and kneaded first with the hands, later with a block of wood. This is the process called planking in England, sizing in America. In many factories it is still done in essentially the same way as the old print depicts it.

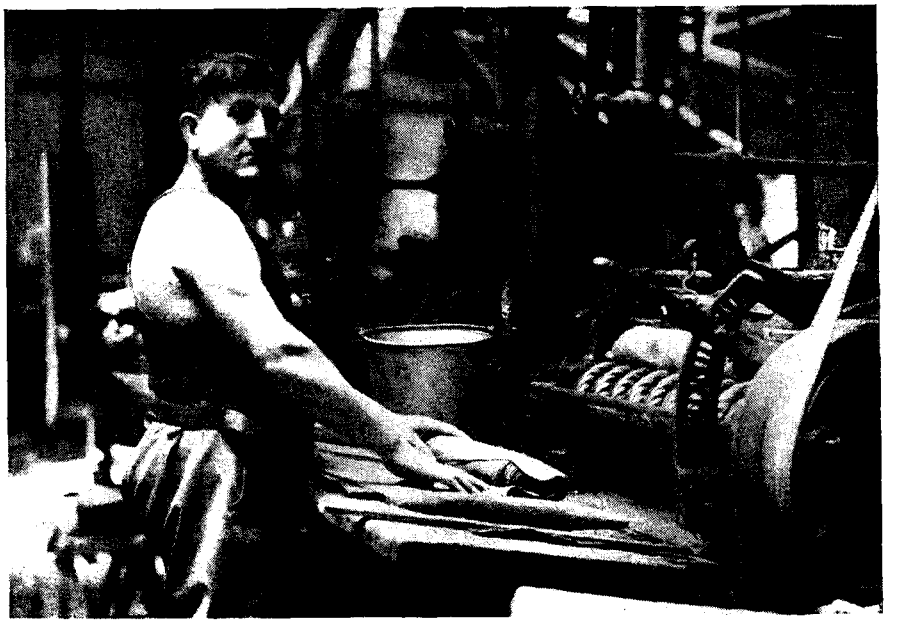
The complicated processes of shaping on blocks, turning the brim, etc. might also come under the head of sizing since they too depend on hot water and pressure. Stiffening, shown in the panel on the right, means adding gum or shellac to make the hats stiff.

In our modern plants many complicated machines take the place of the most of these hand prosesses. And yet certain kinds of hand work persist in some of the most modern places, for there are those who hold that no machine can take the place of the trained hand of the sizer or blocker or pouncer.

Silicon dust, dangerous to the worker, is used in "pouncing"

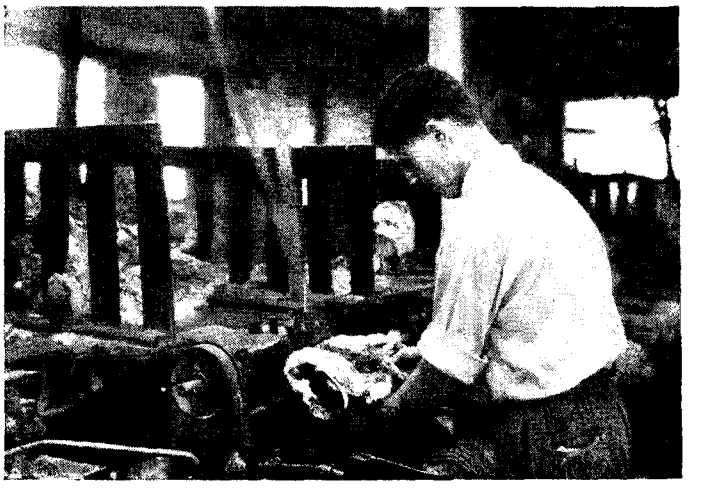


"Sizing" requires steam and floods of water



Sewing the band in a finished hat—a clean job

Shearing the fur



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WITH this conflicting evidence it seemed worth while to make a careful, detailed study of the trade. A grant from an anonymous donor made it possible for the Industrial Hygiene Department of Harvard Medical School to undertake this and Dr. Wade Wright of the Occupational Disease Clinic of the Massachusetts General Hospital agreed to be responsible for the physical examinations of a typical group of employed men. The inspection of factories in Danbury, Orange, New York and Brooklyn fell to me and, as I happened to be in Europe that summer (1921), I was able to compare English, Italian, French and Austrian methods with ours.

As we have seen, the question of a possible safe substitute for mercury has interested investigators, especially in France and Russia, for the last eighty years. A young chemist, John R. Johnson of the University of Illinois, was asked to take up that phase of the question, which he did with the cooperation of the John B. Stetson Company who took the specimens of fur carrotted with various compounds and tested them out to see if they would really make felt. Then, in order to discover where the danger of mercurial poisoning was greatest, analyses were made of specimens taken at different stages of the process to see where the greatest loss of mercury occurred. This work was done by Anne Stone Minot of the Department of Physiology of Harvard.

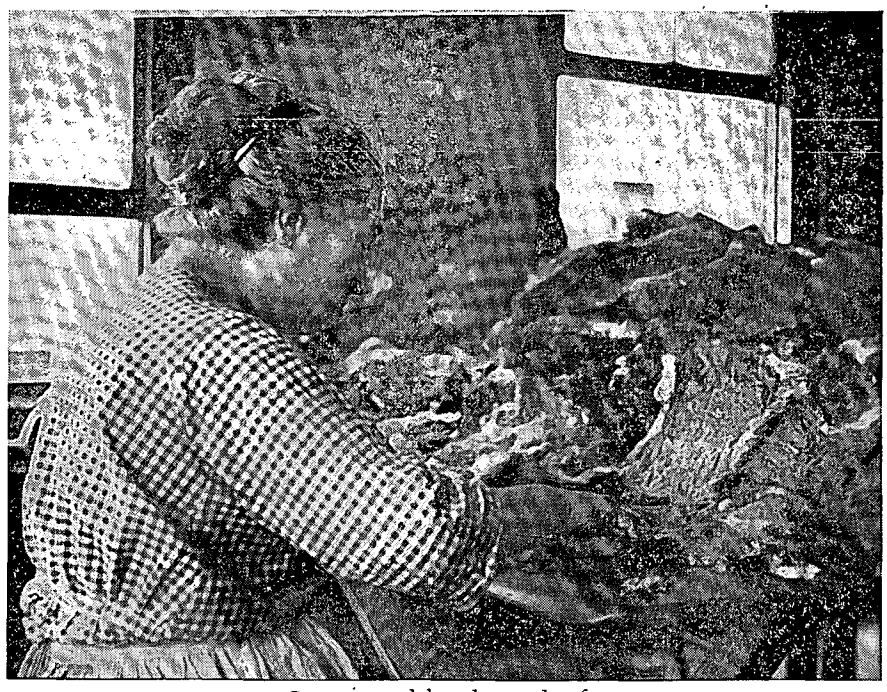
A few words must be said about the symptoms of industrial mercury poisoning for they are quite different from those that follow the swallowing of a tablet of bichlorid of mercury or even an overdose of calomel. This form of poisoning as we see it in hatters is very slow in developing and the symptoms are of three kinds.

First comes an inflammation of the gums, which may grow spongy and bleed easily; the breath may be fetid, the tongue large and flabby, and the teeth may loosen and fall. The older workers whom I saw in the factories in Italy and France and Czecho-Slovakia were almost or quite toothless, and this was taken as a matter of course. The loss of their teeth had been quite painless.

The second symptom is much more characteristic, a fine tremor of the muscles which is called hatters' shakes. The trembling comes on first in the fingers and eyelids and lips and tongue. It is what the physicians call "an intention tremor" increasing as efforts are made to control it and increasing with precision of movement. For instance, if the man stretches out his hand with the fingers spread and there is only a slight trembling, it will increase when a glass is put into his hand and still more if he tries to carry the glass to his mouth. If he is at rest and does not feel that anybody is watching him the tremor may quite die down, and even in extreme cases it stops during sleep, and yet it is not hysterical. There is no pain with it. As the case progresses, the trembling passes to the arms and legs which may jerk and jump and the feet may knock against each other as the man walks. It is very difficult to walk a narrow path and sometimes workmen have to be guided to their benches or they would fall against the whirling belts of the machinery simply because they were trying so hard to avoid them. In Orange they told me of a famous case of hatters' shakes, a man who could not feed himself nor dress himself and the only way he could get to work was by pushing a baby carriage in front of himself to steady his gait. When he reached the plant he would be led to his bench and then his tremors would subside and he could carry on the work which had been familiar to him for so many years.

The third class of symptoms are psychic, seldom severe but usually quite characteristic.

The findings of the Harvard group have been presented at length in the Journal of Industrial Hygiene. The most valuable part of the investigation was the examination of one hundred hatters by Dr. Wright. The effort to discover the effect of fur dust on the lungs led to an examination of the chest, with X-ray pictures when anything was suspected. There was some evidence of chronic bronchitis or old pleurisy and the X-ray showed many instances of the infiltration which is caused by inhaling dust, but this was no greater than is usually found in any group of men of like ages, and no case of active tuberculosis was found. It must be noted that these were men exposed to fur dust, not pouncers using sand paper, for only two of them presented themselves for examination. Such findings are in accord with the more recent work on industrial dusts which tends to show that animal dusts and vegetable dusts are practically inert.



Sorting and brushing the fur

Of the one hundred men examined, Dr. Wright

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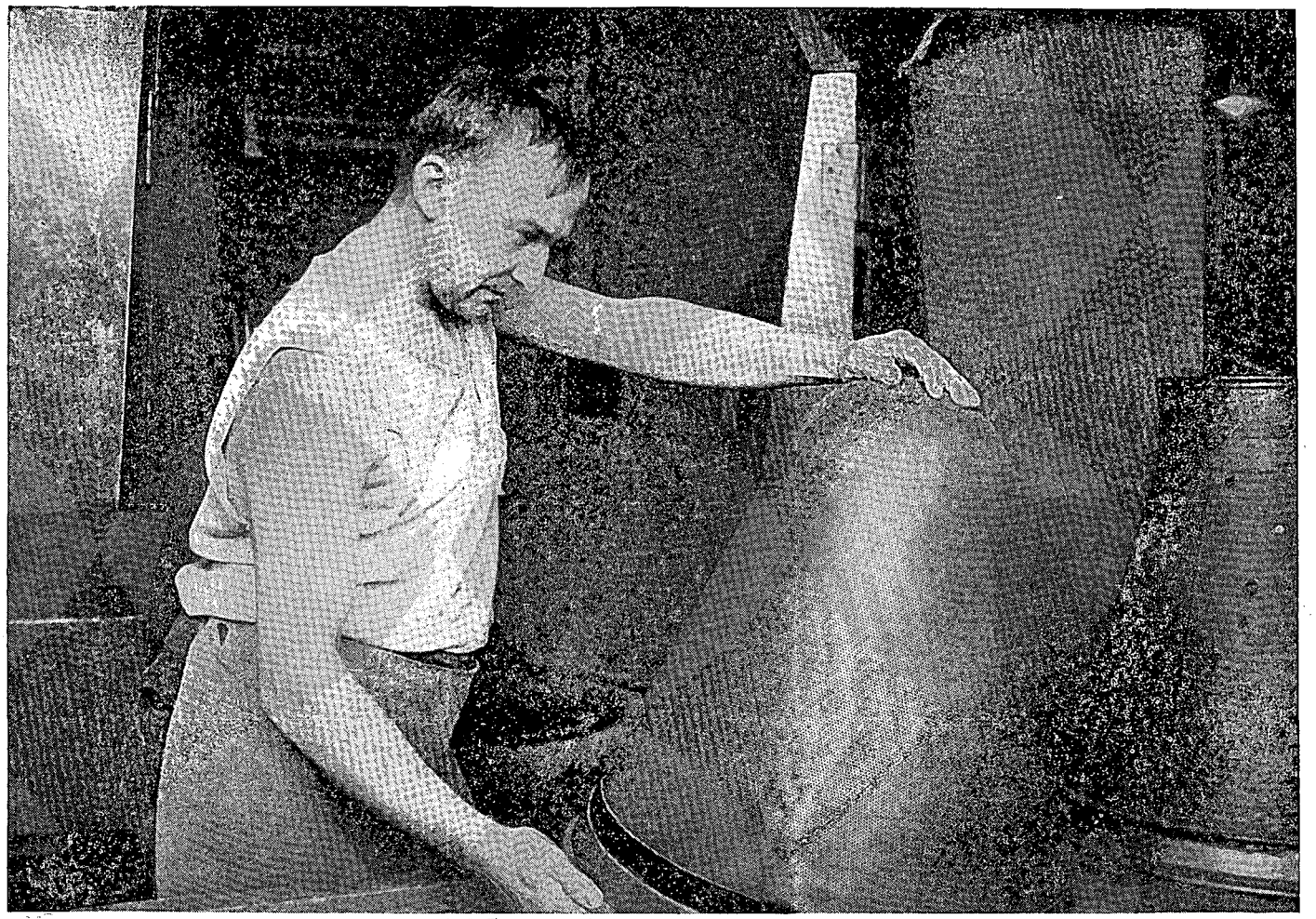

The large loose cone made in this forming process, when the hairs adhere through suction to the metal cover, later is shrunk down into an ordinary felt hat

found 43 who showed quite definite signs of mercurial poisoning, that is, a combination of at least two of the following symptoms: salivation, dryness of the throat, pyorrhea or inflammation of the gums, tremors, and psychic irritability. Fourteen had both tremor and psychic disturbance, 20 had inflammation of the gums added to these two, and 9 had salivation in addition to the other three symptoms. Of the 43, five were severely affected, 14 moderately, and 24 slightly.

THE nervous symptoms were not of marked intensity in any case, naturally, for that would have made it impossible for the man to keep on working. Yet no less than 37 of the 43 admitted that they were abnormally nervous and irritable, easily upset, thrown into a state of confusion and irresolution if asked suddenly to do some new thing, or growing excited and angry over trifles, or full of vague fears which they knew to be groundless. They were upset when they were conscious of being watched, one man saying that if a stranger came into the shop he would begin to tremble and have to stop work. Dr. Wright reports some of these statements in the men's own words:

CASE 4.—"I 'fraid for boss, 'fraid boss gimme hell!"

CASE 16.—"Sometime mek me mad, I look lak a crazy."

CASE 17.—"If anybody asks me to do something quick, I shake."

CASE 30.—"Gets worse if I'm watched." He would slow up if watched at work.

CASE 50.—"I feel sometimes as if I had done something wrong, as if somebody was after me." When he gets excited "then can't hardly talk at all." He becomes nervous if he is watched, and his legs "starta wiggle."

CASE 54.—"Get all thumbs."

CASE 103.—"If I'm watched I seem to lose control of myself—don't do the work as I ought to do it—as well as I could do it. I get the idea that someone is looking at me when no one is. Feel as though I'm ready to fly."

TREMORS of the fingers were moderate or marked in 22 cases. There was one other symptom of practical importance, considering that these were all hand workers, and that is a loss of power in the muscles of the forearms. This was found in thirteen men.

Miss Minot's analyses showed that a great deal of mercury passes off while the carrotted skins are

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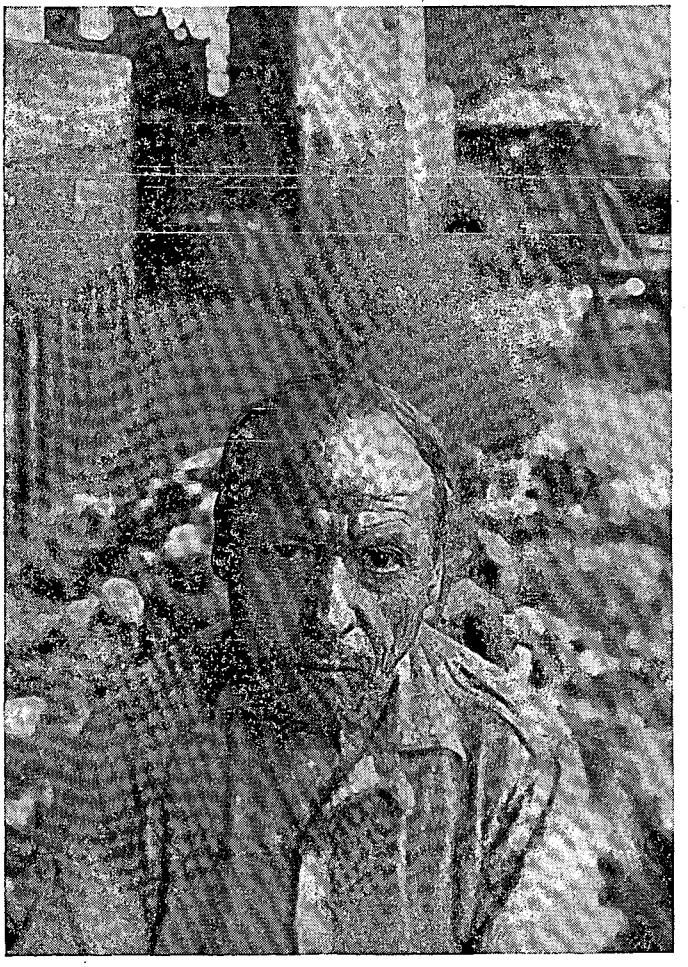
"ripening" in the storage rooms. This tends to confirm the general impression in the trade that storage room men are unusually prone to hatters' shakes. In blowing and sizing there is not much loss of mercury, but in finishing, which includes pressing with hot irons, there is a very decided loss of mercury.

Mr. Johnson was not able to find any chemical which would take the place of mercury in carrotting fur. By this I mean that no non-mercurial carrot produces as good felt as the present carrot does when it is put through the present felting processes. But of course our American processes have all been worked out on mercury-carrotted fur and are adapted to it. Any substitute is tested by these methods and if it does not work as well, it is naturally rejected. However, in France they claim now to have found a non-mercury carrot which can be used in the old way and produce perfectly good felt. That summer in Paris, I was shown some fur prepared by this new process; and a few weeks later, in the great Italian factory of Borsalino in Alessandria I was shown a hat made from this same Parisian fur which was apparently very good felt; but the process is secret and for that reason has not found general acceptance. I was assured by the French factory inspectors that if a practical process is ever given out publicly, legislation will be introduced to make its use compulsory. In that case, France will lead in the abolition of mercurial carrot, just as she led in abolishing the use of white phosphorus for matches and, quite recently, in prohibiting the manufacture of white lead and its use in paint.

After visiting plants in Europe I think I should say that the best American are as good as the best European with the exception of one department, the forming room, and that our worst are no dirtier than the dirtiest Belgian plants. I saw three really beautiful factories over there, two in Italy and one in Old Moravia, now part of Czecho-Slovakia (owned by an Austrian firm), but the only feature in which they excelled our finest plants was that they used a different way of forming the hats, avoiding the humidity and the heavy, almost incessant labor which American formers have to undergo. Factory sanitation is still imperfect in the United States. Otherwise our figures for mercury poisoning would not be so high. Forty-three per cent is excessive when compared with the Austrian rate as given by Teleky—one in 150 in the largest plant, one in 70 to 80 in the next largest. Only 46 cases of mercurialism from the hatters' trade in 20 years were notified to the Home Office in Great Britain but there the law requires a medical examination at stated intervals of all exposed to mercury. To be sure, Dr. Wright's examinations were made in the worst of the three centers. Connecticut's factory inspection and control is below New York's and far below New Jersey's, yet Harris' figures show a high percentage for New York, fully 28 per cent of mercurial poisoning. It may be that strict supervision would greatly diminish the numbers of men affected, but of course nothing will do away with the danger completely till another kind of carrot is used.

Mercurialism, to the extent which it reaches under the improved conditions that have obtained of late years in our American hat factories, does not kill; it rarely even incapacitates a man completely. But it certainly renders productive work much harder for some men and there are those from whom it takes away the joy of life. Perhaps it is not unreasonable to ask ourselves whether any of us would be willing to risk acquiring even a mild shaking palsy, or a mild psychosis, for the sake of enough felt hats to last all our lives. If not, then do we quite like the idea of taking those same hats at the expense of other people's vigor of mind and body? If ever a non-mercurial process is perfected in France and published, the people of the United States will have to decide whether its introduction over here is not a matter of public safety.



An "opener" sitting on a pile of skins

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THE HOMES OF THE FREE

IV. The Oncoming Generation

By ROSSA B. COOLEY

Photographs by Leigh Richmond Miner

DOWN the road are coming young Negro girls who know nothing of the days of slavery except through the stories they hear by the fireplaces when mothers and grandmothers are reminiscing. The "young race" often make the older people impatient, older people who are black and older people who are white.

No one who lives in the South and who may claim southern friends can fail to appreciate the horrors of reconstruction as well as those of slavery; and to sense the reason for the separation between the two races. Time has tempered these things somewhat, and in our southern communities many profess an appreciation of the old-time Negro. Yet few express similar interest in the young race, and not generally recognized is the nature of some of the mistakes made during the reconstruction period. These have much to do with this gulf between the generations which has come in to cast race feelings in these new terms. Among southern women the point of contact lies usually in the field of domestic service, and we hear complaint of the decline of the old cookery, the old courtesy, the old skill with spoon and tub and needle. There is the further charge that the younger Negroes have been ruined by book learning and with this comes irritation at the schools for Negroes, which are held responsible for the change.

I should like to bear witness to the new generation as they have carried themselves under conditions where they have had a chance to show the stuff that is in them. This may help others to see life as these girls have had to come at it, the lay of some of their chief obstacles, the way to overcome them. It may help others to understand that while the ancient occupations of womenfolk remain their charge, the gage that freedom set to these Negro women of the southern countrysides was not to become housemaids to be had for wages by city dwellers; but to become the home-makers and mothers and farm women for their own rural communities.

To understand the girls now coming on, we must understand the generation that preceded them; a generation that had only childish memories or none at all of the war that meant emancipation. In this transitional period they skipped the lessons of hand skill which slavery taught. Their parents naturally recoiled from much that was soundest in their own experience because it had been bound up with the old order. "Work" to them had meant too often only daily drudgery under orders. To them, the whites stood for what it meant to be free; and the white race did not labor in the fields nor at the wash tubs. To dim, half-blinded eyes freedom meant leisure, education; and the records of the sixties bear witness to the eager throngs who besieged the schools opened on these Sea Islands after the Union forces had occupied them. Young and old, they came and we are told of slaves who held the books with gnarled, work-worn hands and set out at sixty to learn their A B C's. No wonder that, in this new march of the race, the young were eager to run before they could walk; to jump over all the stages through which a race must struggle to

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gain the hand skill and mind skill that give power. No wonder that the early northern teachers, in recoil against the skepticism about them on the part of Union army officers as well as Southerners, put all their strength and fervor into demonstrating that field hands could learn through books rather than through force; and that, once established, the purely academic character of the early Negro schools was carried to strange lengths. No wonder that this academic tradition has had to be overcome, no less than apathy and persistent antagonism toward any Negro education whatever, by the newer teaching which General Armstrong started at Hampton. No wonder that even when, as emissaries of this new teaching, we came from Hampton to Penn nineteen years ago, our first laundress showed us how far the pendulum had swung in the other direction. She had been to school as a girl. She had book learning. But books had not taught her to wash and iron. The first week the towels were all folded like napkins, so I showed her how to fold them, and the next week the napkins were all folded like towels!

With our introduction of industrial education at Penn School, the scrubbing brush became a part of the educational equipment. The girls, their mothers, and their grandmothers had always scrubbed, but in many families they had failed to keep up the old standards. I sat in my office one Saturday morning and between letters asking for scholarship aid for the schoolchildren, I supervised three girls who were earning some school fees by scrubbing. They never thought of moving anything; I found one of them scrubbing all around the legs of a step-ladder. But they were perfectly willing to do it right when the way was pointed out to them. And when the girls first washed our windows, strange and even marvelous were the results—a fairly bright spot in the middle of each pane of glass, with an almost fantastic borderland of soap and grime. But why expect anything else? Some of these girls had never washed a window before, because many of the little freed homes that took the place of the plantation "Street" had not afforded anything better than wooden shutters.

Photograph by Rossa B. Cooley

A teacher in one of the county schools, who drives about four miles to and from school each day

The passing on of the good things is the vital thing in all life. If I who have had all that a long and rich inheritance can give—an inheritance that reaches back to the hills and moors of Scotland—an education that was uninterrupted from babyhood through preparatory school and college—can pass on the best of it, then I need not be ashamed. But when I see how much I have, and compare it with the short and meager inheritance of these women of the Sea Islands—well, I wonder that I and so many others have short patience.

As there was a hunger for learning in the days of the grandmothers, so there is today. Even rain doesn't keep the girls from school. In some places the tide rivers come across our roads when we have the big storms, and the children take off shoes and stockings and wade through. They all seem to have wet feet, for overshoes are almost unknown, and why they don't get sick is a question. When girls in their teens are willing to walk fourteen to sixteen miles a day and keep it up through cold and heat, it shows a real desire. And today Penn School means to them not only books, but the use of many tools, scrub brush, broom, rake and hoe. For our effort has been to connect with the school both the field work and the housekeeping which make up the activities of the Island homes.

General Armstrong, founder of Hampton Institute, sent his graduates out with the command, "Use what you have," and so our schoolhouse itself has served always as an industrial building for the large group of girls. The most primitive rural school can make a beginning in vocational training in the same way. I have told you about the introduction of scrubbing into our curriculum. The early sweeping was just as casual. One afternoon I found all the brooms scattered and all the girls fled. A band had been heard, and who could withstand that? The cooking began in one of our classrooms, and with a long board neatly covered with oilcloth, placed on two wooden horses at one side

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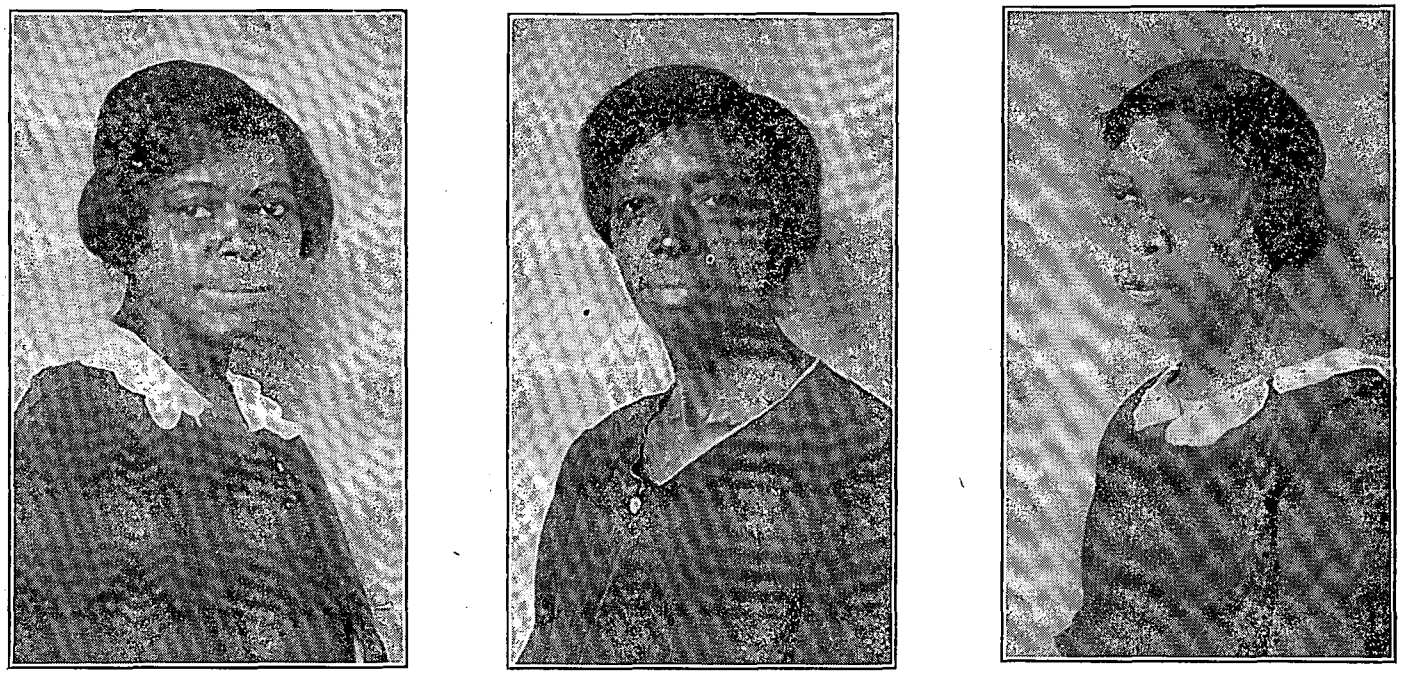
of the room, we had our dining-room. School lunches for hungry and weary children soon became a reality, and so the school girls cooked the practical food of daily life.

It was a natural outgrowth of the idea of home training to build a home for our teachers who came from "off Island," and to make it large enough to house some girls who could have more intensive training. So Benezet House was built, and named after old Anthony Benezet, that intrepid Frenchman who stood for freedom for all people as far back as 1762.

Our teachers had lived in a portable cottage, with no comforts of any kind, not even running water, for we all went without that luxury for the first four years. There was never a complaint, and it was a real test of the Hampton spirit! Into the new building moved five teachers and eight girls—the girls as happy as if they were stepping into heaven. With this new equipment more training was possible, and with teachers' homes that have now increased to four, home training has increased so that it includes the home canning, a large group of women and girls having lessons from members of their own race.

The slave mother whose training in laundry work was not passed on to her daughter, can now see that daughter in the Penn School laundry, an oyster shell building as attractive as a chapel, with an equipment which is only one step or two above what the simple home affords. For new appliances should be brought in slowly in rural industrial schools, or homes will be left behind. As a day school, in common with country schools generally, we still have to work out the problem of giving this work to a larger number of girls. Perhaps motor trucks or "chariots" may give us our answer, for all we need is more time in our days. Many girls must spend three or four hours trudging long miles on the oyster shell road, or through sand sometimes ankle deep. We must see to it that they start from school in time to reach home by sunset, and in the short winter days some must start for school by "dayclean," even with school beginning at 9.30. So time is a serious element to battle with in trying to give all-round training in home-making to the Island women and girls.

But home-makers are surely being made; young women who will see to it that their children do not skip the lessons they themselves learned—young women who are seeing clearly that there is dignity in labor well done.



The strength of the Negro teachers lies in the fact that they have made the journey; they are of the race and know their own needs and strength and weakness

It is these oncoming Negro women who have had a chance at the new training, who must be reckoned with in any sweeping generalizations as to the grandchildren of the slaves. Potentially they are of first importance, but in number, through no fault of their own, they are few; for at best such schools as Penn touch only the fringe of a generation, and in many districts the public schools run for only four to six months a year and offer few lessons in home culture. The people who have criticized the industrial inefficiency of the younger Negro men and women have often been the very ones who have opposed the expenditure of money or questioned Negro education.

One of the criticisms we most often hear of the "young race" is that they spend all their own money on their backs. They do, some of them, as many

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a city street will convince you. But this very matter of clothes, after all, is not to be so simply disposed of. It reaches deep, as Carlyle has shown in his Sartor Resartus.

Slavery to our Islanders meant field work, with no opportunity for the women and girls to dress as they chose and when they chose. Field workers were given their clothes as they were given their rations, only the clothes were given usually as a part of the Christmas celebration, "two clothes a year" explained one of them as she remembered the old days. With the hunger for books very naturally came the hunger for clothes, pretty clothes and more of them! And so with school and freedom best clothes came out and ragged clothes were kept for the fields. Work and old "raggedy" clothes were so closely associated in the minds of the large group of middle-aged Island folk when we began our industrial work in the school in 1904 that we found it a real difficulty to meet.

Early teachers had been responsive to this craving for more and pretty clothes and very properly encouraged it. It meant an advance step and it was not surprising that our boys and girls, and their parents back of them, scorned the idea of overalls and aprons in school! A whole generation had abandoned work clothes and bare feet, when they left the fields for school. When we visited the homes, many a parent was not over-pleased to have us see the children in their old garments, and many a boy and girl "ran to de bush" wishing they had on those best clothes which had been safely put away in the cracker boxes or little trunks when they reached home.

Here was one of our big jobs, not only to introduce work into the school with all of its educational values, but to develop a sense of proper clothes for work. We have not yet achieved the standards of such industrial schools for southern white children as Miss Martha Berry's in Georgia, where the boys and girls are uniformed in overalls and work dresses. But none the less overalls are more and more common with us; aprons and plain dresses are here to stay.

The jump from bare feet to shoes marked an epoch in race development. Mr. Macdonald, the Island merchant all through the early days, told me of how the people enjoyed the shoes that "talked" as they walked up the aisle in church to deposit the nickel on the collection table. Proper styles in foot-wear were known and demanded. When narrow toes were in demand, and the clerk was showing a pair of "common-sense," he was met with the question, "Ain't yo' got no shoes keener in de mout'?" But this advance in foot-wear has proved a mixed blessing. Even in warm weather the children did not want to come to school in bare feet. One morning as they marched into Darrah Hall for chapel service, I noticed a dozen pairs of unshod feet, so at the close of the service I said, speaking to the lower grade children, "I can count just twelve sensible children this morning!" and then I told them how these boys and girls were helping their fathers and mothers by saving their shoes and stockings for the cold weather. The shod feet in the front rows could be seen wiggling under the seats. The next morning a row of little brown bare-footed boys and girls were seated along the porch steps in front of

Two girls working their way through school. At the right one of the students who has become a home-maker in her own rural community

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my office when I appeared, and I was greeted with the question, "Is yo' gwine count de sensible chillun dis mornin'?" You may be sure I did, and there were thirty-six!

This would have shocked our predecessors who had encouraged shoes as an important part in the process of civilization. The wheel has turned so that it is now as much a mark of freedom to leave the shoes at home as it used to be to wear them always to school, and I am sure the children enjoy this new freedom as well as their parents did the old, and that their feet enjoy it better!

In winter, however, shoes are needed and it is impossible to say how many of our Island children have been enabled to stay on the road of education because of shoes from our Sales House shelves. Here eggs, chickens, sweet potatoes, work, are all as good as cash in payment and so the problem for some of the poor is partially solved. "Chicken fo' shoes" is often synonymous for chicken and a chance at schooling.

In some places the tide rivers come across our roads and the children have to take off shoes and stockings and wade through

How glad I was one morning that a generous parcel post package of shoes had arrived. In came a mother who had "raised" four children of her own and was now responsible for an "adopted," the invalid sister's little daughter. "I come fo' ax yo' fo' shoe fo' Mary fo' to finish out school wid. Her shoe too bad to come, but I cyan' stop her, she bound to come anyway. I blush for ax, but I jus' mus', jus' a pair fo' finish out school wid. I might jus' as well send her to school, fo' ef I aint, seem like she brek her heart. She jus' stan' roun' an' cry an' carry on."

City fashions can play tricks on us! We had been making an attack on patent leather shoes as being too expensive because they had not the proper wearing qualities. That year, 1911, came our big storm, a storm that destroyed crops and homes so that relief work was necessary. We had to give help to many and appeals were sent broadcast. A friend secured from a manufacturer a large box of new shoes and the afternoon of their arrival we turned loose a group of youngsters to the Sales House to be fitted out. The next day I faced a row of patent leathers, one pair even going so far as to dare bright red tops with tassels, swinging in ecstasy in front of me!

Another day I looked out to see an ox cart coming in the school gate. It was filled with children—"mudderless" who had collected themselves and come down for clothing and shoes for school. It was a glad feeling to send them back shod and partially clothed. And when the letter came from a home containing numberless children and "grands," saying: "Emanuel's feets are on the ground. Will you see can you find him a shoes? Please try to manage him a shirt," it was good to see Emanuel coming to school because the Sales House could supply his needs. So it goes, in and out of school, on the road and off again, because shoes wear out, or clothes become out-at-elbow, and a self-respecting pride forbids "raggedy" clothes to go to school.

We found that a great many of the women could sew well. Sewing had an important place on every well equipped plantation. Aunt Katherine patching the clothes in her little house on Hickory Hill plantation learned how from her white mistress, and all through her early life as a slave she was held responsible for the mending of the clothes of her little charges. When our great storm of 1911 wrecked many homes and we faced the problem of providing cash for those who were able to work, gingham aprons came to the front. Women came in from all directions; they each made at least one apron under supervision of our sewing teacher and then carried more work home, to be paid in cash for the finished product. We, in turn, could sell most of the aprons.

Laura Josephine Webster writing on The Operation of the Freedman's Bureau in South Carolina says, "It is interesting to note that the germ of the present industrial education of the Negro existed in Beaufort (which is our nearest town, located on Port Royal Island) where a New York woman was teaching sewing to 113 colored girls." This was in 1863. It is a pity the germ did not develop so as

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to spread through all the schools, and that the contagion once caught did not become chronic! Much of the criticism now heard would have been destroyed in the bud.

None the less, years before we reached the Island, sewing had taken its place in the Penn School curriculum. We started our battle for work aprons in our sewing-room and we bought the prettiest gingham we could find and cut it by the prettiest pattern. We wanted the girls to connect aprons with work, wherever done; to replace the old idea with the new one, that both work and work clothes could be attractive. When they saw each other decked out so becomingly in the new aprons and found that they were to be kept at the school, just like school books, the leaven began to work. All the books belonged to the school in those early days and none were allowed to be taken home. And so aprons were in a measure dignified as school equipment along with books.

While some knew how to make clothes, we found buttons and hooks and eyes an acquired taste. Little girls would come to school with their clothes pinned all up their back; even the older girls found pins very useful. The battle for overalls and aprons was winning out. Now came the fight on pins! The teachers and principals struggled and failed. And then we put it in the hands of the Public Service Committee.

No school should be without this committee or its equivalent. It was Miss House's idea and in our rural school it filled the need for the first step in self-government among the students. Boys and girls elected by the pupils in the upper grades, with a committee of teachers to meet with them, are able to handle many a school question, in this way serving their public and making a public opinion that can be counted upon. When Ophelia Fields, the chairman of the Girls' Committee, took hold of the pin problem, pins began to disappear. Down the line of girls she and her committee marched every morning and the pins became conspicuous to the whole group and fairly pricked their owners! In about six months that skirmish was won.

We found no fancy work being done in the homes, plain sewing and quilt-making being the extent of the hand work. There were no handcrafts for the women, for field working women had had no time for them. Making baskets from rushes that grow in our tide rivers is the real handcraft of these Islands, and here, as it had been in Africa, it is man's work, not woman's. In the early days of freedom, Mrs. Virginia told me, the women tried to knit, but as they had only cornstalk needles, they soon grew discouraged. Now our girls are hungry to make pretty things, embroidery, lace work, pretty clothes and pretty underclothes. They learned to knit during the World War, and many a sweater was sent to the Negro soldiers. But like their white sisters, knitting was laid aside after the armistice, and in their case the lack of yarn is one reason, for wool is expensive.

When young people live in a tropical or near-tropical climate, it is no (*Continued on page* 482)

A young farmer with her sugar cane—The effort has been to connect with the school both the field work and the housekeeping which make up the activities of the Island homes

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Children and This Clumsy World

By IRA S. WILE, M.D.

CHILD life is a many faceted jewel, with varying glints, fire, hardness, and planes of cleavage. The crude crystal is built of instincts and emotions, mental potentials, and physical structures. The problems of cutting and polishing concern the community.

The essence of childhood is its unity. Wholeness of life is more than a phrase. The child is a biological unit. The mind and body are not separate entities, but different—and inseparable—manifestations of life. The mind is an apparatus by which an individual secures adjustment to his environment and by means of which he responds to internal and external stimuli. The degree of his adjustability is determined by a variety of factors. To understand a child's behavior, one must take account of his structure, his functions, and their interrelations. Obviously, the entire gamut of human experience is involved in this varied problem.

FEW of us stop to understand children; still fewer have the wit and skill and patience to give them a hand in the trying adjustments of childhood and adolescence. Here and there a little company threads its way into a "health class" or clinic where the child and the world can be brought, bit by bit, into adjustment. Such a "health class" Dr. Wile has run for five years at Mt. Sinai Hospital in New York. Out of the hundreds of children whom he has come to know there and in his private practice, he has chosen a few for informal introduction in a series of articles of which this is the first—in the hope that their stories may throw light on children's problems and our approaches to them.

It is possible to establish categories of children, but only for purposes of classification after the manner of the crystal systems applied in mineralogy, wherein, after all, the mode of crystallizing gives a relatively small amount of information about the nature, properties, and use of the crystallized mass. One may group the problems of children according to causation, or the social experience involved, or the dominant behavior characteristics, or the particular method of approach for treatment. I have chosen the last of these.

But, in turn, to treat a child's problems, it is necessary to determine the causes which underly them, and these are often highly complicated. Methods of correction, therefore, require great elasticity. Few situations are to be solved by categorical imperatives. Practically the need is for a fusion of many plans, involving all the elements that foster or impair the growth of personality. Yet a specific element of causation is often so outstanding as to dominate the picture. It colors any scheme for adequate treatment and challenges attention as the primary approach to the individual problem.

Experience has shown me that it is helpful to think of the four primary approaches to childhood and its problems as social, emotional, mental and physical.

Recognition of these major approaches has a practical value for those interested in children, whether the contact occurs at home, school, playground, settlement club, juvenile court, or hospital. This basis of classification by no means limits full recognition of the complicated causation of conduct disorders. It merely emphasizes the necessity of individualized treatment. This fact I shall develop by discussing a group of children's problems which concern the home and parents, the school, play and companions, and the world of adults, considering in this first article those in which the primary approach is social.

IF a child were spontaneously generated and lived and died in isolation, he would lack a phase of his nature which exists—in reality—by virtue of the fact that he lives as a unit of a larger group. In his biological relations he possesses social characteristics, but these in turn are thoroughly incorporated in his being. Dominating instincts, or anatomic anomalies, may hamper social adequacy. Social experiences may stimulate or check physiological activity. Social expansion or contraction may release or check emotional activity. In the process of living these manifold interacting elements are constantly at work. Temperament, character, conduct are end results of this interaction.

The outside world moulds human behavior through the conscious sensory and motor systems. A contact bomb possesses all the elements for an

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explosion, but unless there is an impact, the destructive force is not liberated. The presence of strength is uncertain until a chair is to be lifted, a rock moved, a load carried. A boy may walk along the open way and never know he can climb, unless a hill or a wall opposes him. To investigate the behavior of children without a purposeful study of their world is to omit the most potent element in the development of their personality.

The children's world in cross-section is made up of concentric circles of influence, the family, neighborhood, city, state, nation, world, and universe. The economic status of the family, the social caste of the neighborhood, the civic consciousness of the city, the adequacy of a state administration, the social policy of the nation, the peacefulness of the world, the astronomic principles of the universe, singly and in combination, affect child welfare and behavior. They are conditions—uncertain, changeable or fixed—over which the child has no control, but by which he is stimulated and motivated, limited and thwarted.

Hunger, by reason of family poverty; contact with vulgarity in a wretched neighborhood; a lack of play space in a congested city; inadequate schooling because child labor laws are lacking; the condoning of the violation of federal laws, prohibition, for instance; the exaltation of military life and international hatreds; the terrifying thunder and the lightning flash are beyond the reach of the child's power, but they are effective forces in his character development. The newness of a child to his world lead to reactions of every shade—most of them unpredictable, for we know little of his inherent constitution.

In such a situation, it becomes well nigh impossible to scrutinize all the social influences at work on a given child. All man's cultural history is part of his environment. Seeking to dominate his world, man has set up codes and built group organization; originated religion, communal life, industry, war—the traditions, customs, beliefs, institutions which have made and marred what is called civilization. Social regulation has become superior to individual self-determination and has begun to exercise tyrannical domination. The individual's reaction may be one of frank rebellion, grudging acceptance, or obedient acknowledgment of its authority. Progress, from generation to generation, proceeds through the alteration of these attitudes in harmony with some unknown principle, despite the contempt of the older group for the young, and the intolerance of youth for the aged.

CONSIDER the "flapper." She has been condemned as a rebel against the *mores*. Yet she flapped because she was taught to flap and praised for it during the war. She was encouraged to support the war by sacrificing the traits of modesty, gentleness, and courtesy, formerly held to be essential to girlhood. She was sent on missions, somewhat coerced into speaking, playing, dancing, with men she did not know or meet in a formal manner. If occasion demanded, a kiss was to be a bonus for a bond sold. When she paraded herself, she was hailed for nobility of character, patriotism, initiative, and independence, and she believed that the world meant what it said of her, even as she had faith in a war to end wars. War industry made her a working partner with the soldiers, sailors, and marines. There was forced upon her a social and economic status that lacked most previous safeguards, regulations, and moral sanctions. She was helping to win the war, regardless of what she lost for herself. And then the war stopped—but it was not over, for the embers still flash into occasional flame. The girls of the war became innoculated with a virus compounded by society; their reactions were a natural result. There were flappers in the days of Jeremiah—and they have been a recurrent phenomenon, comparatively harmless. The fibre of youth is tough, elastic, vigorous; but it responds like an aspen leaf to social currents.

THE world adults have decreed and regulated for children is bound round with outworn theories and laws. Child life must find itself, while adults stand by "viewing with alarm" or smugly finding satisfaction in a philosophy of "all's right with the world." The child's world changed when he became a liability rather than an asset because of educational and child labor laws. His world is changing again with the decline of the birth rate and the increasing demand for workers and fighters. Hence the social questions of childhood are receiving renewed thought and assuming new importance.

When poverty and ignorance are urged as the cause of much that is unfortunate in childhood, the probe has not been pushed deep enough. Their removal is a social necessity. But social problems are not limited to the wide effects of these two factors; they exist among the rich and the educated. Wealth does not solve them, though it may provide an escape for the individual, and make it possible to keep up appearances. The incorrigible "poor boy" is sent to a truant school, while the incorrigible "rich boy" is sent to a boarding academy, a military school, or around the world with a tutor. The poor boy who lies, swears, and steals is a ne'er-do-well and has a chance to have a big brother or a probation officer after contact with a juvenile court or some other constituted agency. The rich boy of similar character is not hailed into court, lest the family name be smirched. The poor are sought out and interrogated

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at the expense of many whose problems are similar, though less acute and pressing.

There are other social influences that weigh heavily among all social groups—preventable diseases, divorce, desertion, housing conditions, foster homes, lack of educational facilities, insufficient opportunities for recreation, Sunday regulations, sumptuary laws, coal shortage, industrial strife. The degree to which these and innumerable other social factors determine for children the status of the home and their own fateful reactions is beyond conjecture.

OBVIOUSLY, within the limits of this article it is impossible to touch upon more than a handful of social problems. I have selected for illustrations, children whose difficulties are lodged chiefly in the home itself. It is patent that children of equal physical and intellectual endowment are subjected to diverse influences in differing home atmospheres. One home may breathe comfort, culture, and social force, while another is redolent of squalor, ignorance and brutality. The familiar reactions of courtesy, orderliness, patience, sympathy, and understanding set loose currents that tend to develop a definite set of moods, traits, and habits in plastic beings. Solicitude carried to an extreme may undermine physical well-being and lay the foundation of fears, anxieties, sluggishness, and inactivity. The interaction between familial ideals and the individual constitution needs careful consideration in interpreting the phenomena of child life.

It may appear as though the problems of some of the children discussed are not really social, but I would emphasize that in each case the existent conditioning circumstances are wholly beyond the child's control and originate in social weakness. The child is not *the* problem; the solution of his difficulties is only attainable through a modification of the social milieu. The major task is to alter his external world—distorted and perverted by social sanctions and social indifference.

The Stories of Five Children

1. Charles

Charles is a little gentleman. He is immaculate in appearance, gentle of speech, affable in manner. But in spite of his fifteen years of age he is given to easy tears, and obviously suffers from great sensitiveness and from a feeling of inadequacy. His school work is not satisfactory and he lacks concentration.

The boy carries himself well and is well nourished. Except for a moderate astigmatism and nail-biting, he evidences no physical defects.

An intelligence quotient of 92 places him in the category of children with average intellectual endowment. His power of reasoning and generalizing is excellent and he shows sound common sense in his judgments. But work at school is below the level expected in his grade, the second year of high school. His spelling is of eighth grade standards. His speed in silent reading is that commonly found in the seventh grade, and even then he has considerable difficulty in reproducing the content, though he understands well what he reads.

The boy is an only child. His parents are divorced. Circumstances require him to live with his grandparents, in whose home he has taken the position of his mother's brother, who died shortly before his own birth. The home atmosphere is one of great solicitude, with rigid, old-time standards and constant insistence upon his conformity to adult conceptions of his welfare. His whole future life has been laid out for him, without any consultation as to his interests, enthusiasms, or ambitions.

His difficulties in school work have been a source of distress to his mother and grandparents, and he has become sensitive to their demands for more application. The principal of his school denounces him as lazy, and, without knowing the facts, dogmatically asserts that there is no excuse for the kind of work that he is doing. As a matter of fact he is spending four hours daily upon his studies. His diligence and desire to please are so great that for more than two years he has been deprived of all opportunities to share in athletic sports or the group activities of boys, for which he has normal capacity and interest. His daily program is one long grind of study. His recreation is mainly with adults. He has little opportunity to enjoy companions of his own selection.

Charles has a definite desire to abide by home regulations and to make a success of his school work, so as to add to his mother's contentment, in view of her marital unhappiness. He casts no blame on anyone save himself. At the same time he admires his father and wants paternal guidance. He feels that much of his difficulty and mental distress might have been obviated in a normal home. He accepts the unfortunate situation, because he recognizes that he cannot change it. Charles appreciates that he has lost his own status as a grandchild by living with his grandparents, and has virtually become the youngest child of elderly foster-parents, who have assumed responsibility for him, while harboring and protecting his mother and himself. He does not rebel severely against the limitation of his friendships, but comments pathetically, "I have been robbed of companionship."

Here, then, is a boy with intense filial devotion and a sympathetic type of affection striving to express itself in his daily conduct. He recognizes his obligations and responsibilities as a son, but is conscious that he has been deprived of the guidance of his father and upbringing by his mother. He resents the accusation that he is lazy, when he is consciously making every effort to perform his school work and is succeeding well in the light of his inherent mental powers. His future troubles him; he foresees the disappointment to his grandparents if he fails to go to college, and future failures distress him. Above all, he objects to

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the dominance of elderly people, who, from the vantage point of years, regard him as a little child and deny him independence in thought and freedom in action.

Patently, an adolescent boy of this type is being subjected to unusual emotional strains by virtue of his status. His personality is being cramped by circumstances arising from divorce. Like many others, he is subject to a division of sentiments and feelings towards his parents. When the custody of the child is given over to one parent, with the privilege of communicating with the other, or when part of each year is spent with either parent, the child becomes a victim of abnormal relationships. It is not unnatural that his educational difficulties should be complicated by the mental conflicts arising from the parental attitudes and the abnormal home situation in which maternal guidance is superseded by that of the grandfather.

At a time when he should be securing the largest measure of social contacts with companions of both sexes, he is bound by adult companionships and thwarted by constant direction. The independent thinking of a growing boy is being frustrated by sharp emotional reactions, vague desires, a sense of inferiority, and a doubt as to his future. As is most frequently the situation, divorce does its greatest damage to the child. The affection lavished upon him has been, in a sense, compensatory for his loss of paternal guidance and interest. The rigidity in management has been born of lack of understanding, but has been based upon a conscious desire to atone for the results of divorce. While there may be many alterations in the home environment which will mitigate the severity of the pressure brought upon him, his natural and fullest development is less likely to occur here than in a normal home.

It is undoubtedly true that the brawling home has little advantage compared with the equable atmosphere secured by divorce. Yet, so long as cruelty and animosity are not directed upon the children, they are at least free from the internal stresses that exist when divorce breaks up the home and warps or tears those intangible ties termed home influences. When the custody of children is awarded to the father, his solution of the problem consists in re-marriage, a governess, a housekeeper, or a boarding school. Too frequently, unless the alimony is large, the divorcing mother and her children take refuge with relatives. At times the children may be sent to boarding schools, or placed in institutions, and thus lose also the normal advantages of maternal affection.

The most adequate of adjustment of the child problems arising out of divorce, would appear to be re-marriage, providing a new home and the surroundings which naturally foster parent-child relationships. While this, at times, may further confuse the environing issues, it offers greater likelihood of protection to the mental growth of children than the continuation of an abnormal life resulting from the divorced state.

2. Connie

Connie, 8½ years old, kept bad hours, had an ungovernable and explosive temper, used foul language, and had been before the juvenile court for alleged immorality. She declared with a sophisticated smile that she wanted to be bad. She visited the movies nightly, coming home at one or two A. M. Her companions included older boys.

Her I. Q. was 83, while her school record in the 3 B grade was fair. Physically, save for her small size (her weight of 43¾ lbs. is the average for 6 years), she presented no special defect except a slight anemia. Her teeth, incidentally, were remarkably clean and free from caries, probably as a result of her unclean habit of picking up and sucking the pieces of lemon that she finds on the street. There appeared to be little physical basis for her general behavior.

Her dull mentality had not hampered school progress; though her conduct was far from exemplary, she was able to get along. It could scarcely be said that she was conditioned by her intellectual inadequacy. In conversation she was pert and quick, showing self confidence, shrewdness, and determination. Her emotional life was unstable. She displayed irritability, shamelessness, impulsive anger, and a deep hatred for her mother, father, brothers and sisters.

In order to rectify her viewpoint and adjust her manner of living, it was essential to recognize the social situation. Her father was an illiterate consitutional psychopathic, with suicidal trends, who had been in an institution for mental aberration. All his life he had felt a tramp's restlessness and had never provided for his family, who were more or less constantly under the care of a charitable organization. The highly excitable mother maintained a wretched home and had little control over the four children. The "home" contained her lodger paramour.

Ignorance, poverty, squalor, shiftlessness, immorality, constituted the social heritage which this little girl, at the age of four, sought to escape by running away from home. When she was brought back, she began to seek satisfaction by staying out till all hours of the night and by being so unruly when in the house as to make life still more intolerable for everyone there. With increased abuse and lack of affection, her hatreds developed and she began to get a larger education on the streets.

Yet this child, anxious to be a hardened woman, responded to friendliness and gave up her midnight prowlings to mother a doll almost as large as herself. She gradually forsook the movies to give more devotion to her child (the first doll she had owned), and to get a carriage for its comfort. She was transferred to an anemic class so that she might have extra nourishment during school hours. There her progress in effort and conduct strengthened her position with an intelligent cooperative teacher; and her school work improved.

Her behavior at home, too, grew somewhat better, but the spells of temper continued to break out and she was living under conditions that were still hazardous to her. The worthless father, the faithless, irritable mother, the demoralizing lodger were too strong a combination to break by ordinary methods. Efforts to oust the lodger were fruitless and financial aid was merely facilitating continued immorality under the eyes of the children. It was finally determined to send the children to an orphanage, and if possible to commit the father, leaving the able-bodied mother to care for herself, regardless of other entanglements.

This adjustment was, however, not wholly fair to the girl, who was already responding to an appeal to qualities of character of which she had never before been conscious. Her tender feelings were being so successfully invoked that it seemed unwise to place her in an institution. There was danger of her slipping back through resentment, and becoming a marked hazard for the other girl inmates who

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had not had the vicious experiences she had witnessed or tested. So while the three younger children were placed in an asylum, she was sent to a private home on a farm. There she was to have a new chance in a healthful environment, with solicitious foster motherhood, educational opportunities in a rural school and an exposure to the quiet, peaceful forces of farm life.

She is young and her social life has just begun. What the future holds for her it is impossible to predict, in the face of her inheritances. But it is safe to say that society will hear ill of her unless it deals fairly with her and gives her ample opportunity to harness up her energies in useful service. She will not be driven but she may easily be led by seizing the little girl in her and ignoring the mask of vicious adult manners and habits.

Connie, of all the family, showed the greatest intelligence by her rebellion, even though it resulted in a type of behavior which we call antisocial. With the highest I. Q. among the children, she combined strong initiative, self-determination, and a vivid imagination that led to the imagination of her elders. She was struggling unaided with a home situation which trained social workers found it impossible to correct by ordinary social pressure. To have sent her away as incorrigible would have been a gross injustice—a further penalty for her reactions to circumstances wholly beyond her control. Her conduct was due to her psychopathic father as directly as were the family's poverty and the mother's immorality. A society that exercises inadequate control over dysgenic marriages was responsible for her existence. To combat the influence of a dangerous heredity, a blighting economic status and a deleterious social atmosphere, a social attack on her behavior was the essential course to take.

3. Henry

Henry, a bright-faced boy of 13½ years, had a chip on his shoulder. He spoke in a cocksure bluster. He was said to be very ill-tempered, treated his younger brother harshly and cruelly, fought with his mother and had even attempted to beat her.

Physically, he is a strong, vigorous adolescent, of average size and weight, anxious for activity of all sorts. His I. Q. is 127, and his record in the third term of high school is excellent. His ambition is to be a forester, and he is looking forward to earning his way through college.

Henry's father died a few years ago and he had gradually come to regard himself as the head of the home. He was jealous of his mother's position and resented her domination. He believed himself—since he had more formal education than his mother—to have a riper judgment than she had for deciding family questions. He had attempted to discipline his brother along the lines made familiar by his own experience with his father. The brother resented this attempted domination and, naturally, appealed to the mother for protection. Her remonstrances irritated the boy and stirred him to revolt against her interference. She directed him and corrected him so often that her attitude amounted to nagging, and Henry was blamed for everything that went wrong in the house.

The mother is obliged to support the family through her own labor, though Henry has occasionally earned a little through odd jobs. The father had not been an American citizen, so there is no widow's pension. The mother is away from home for the entire day, and it has become sadly disorganized.

The boy's self-centered emotions and active mind have been unchecked by masculine influence. His thinking and reasoning have been premised upon his own superiority—a not unusual phenomenon among adolescents. As the oldest child he had been impressed with his duties and obligations and had sought to live up to them in harmony with his views as to the functions of the head of the house. Unfortunately, his intellect had not been active in directing his conduct. The emotional waves of adolescence had swept him on to unthinking action. He had forgotten the mother-child relationship in focussing his thoughts upon the paternal authority he believes to be his prerogative. His independence had been overdeveloped to the point of excluding freedom of action on the part of any other member of the household. Nothing in the home pleased him, and despite his efforts, violent as they had sometimes been, there had been little improvement. The boy's development had been skewed by reason of the death of his father and the consequent lack of paternal guidance, instruction and discipline. The combination of poverty, the ignorance and preoccupation of the mother, with adolescent ideals and ambition had brought about a state of mind that is unusually volcanic.

The demoralizing influences in Henry's life had a cumulative effect, until finally he endeavored to usurp all authority by demonstrating his physical fitness to compel his widowed mother to do his bidding. After two or three unpleasant experiences with her man-son, the mother realized the necessity for immediate protection and relief to preserve her status in the home and to safeguard the developing character of her rebellious older son.

The adjustment for the situation could not await a remarriage, and other conflicts might have resulted from this course. Every effort was made to enlighten the mother as to the psychological elements entering into the boy's conduct. Her own attitude became less critical and she endeavored to win his cooperation by calling upon him for more manly service than the mere running of errands. She undertook a deliberate plan to establish a basis of healthful companionship for their free time. She offered him a large measure of her confidence and talked over family affairs with him, not as a child, but as a fairly mature individual. She showed respect for his opinions and in quiet discussion sought to give him an understanding of her trials and struggles to preserve the home and to give him the advantages of a schooling that had been denied her. The son and mother grew to understand and to respect each other.

To supplement these efforts a man's advice was given the boy and the responsibilities of an eldest son towards his mother were defined in terms of public opinion. The boy's desire for social esteem served as a check upon his overweening egoistic attitude. He sought to bring his conduct into harmony with rational filial affection and duty. He found real family cooperation a satisfying substitute for personal exploitation. He imposed upon himself a masculine discipline that was as effective as any that a father might have furnished. He transformed the emotions of a boy, who thought he was a man, into the feelings of a young man who desired to fill as best he could the place of a father in the home. His conduct altered, so that his mother was strengthened and spared by his attentiveness and devotion,

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while his brother received the sound advice and help that a father might have offered.

Here was a boy free from physical handicaps, of superior mental ability, whose emotional reactions were very unstable. The causes which led to his display of aggressive temper were inherent in widowhood and its effects on home life. The day nurseries, the homes for half orphans, the public schools, the playgrounds, the settlements, the vocational subsidies, the pensions, the relief societies, the churches, the big brothers and big sisters, the truant officers, the juvenile courts, the reformatories, all seek to mitigate or eliminate the problems of widows in their special ways. The large number of institutions and agencies that are required attest the variety of unfavorable factors bound up in the home marred through widowhood. The patient, long-suffering, willing, industrious, and optimistic widow requires a greater degree of tact and understanding in managing her children than does the ordinary mother who has at least the potential assistance of a husband, even though he be a weak father. If child nurture be the concern of the state, education, the prevention of delinquency, vocational guidance and direction merit a larger degree of intelligent discussion in legislative halls. The laws for the conservation of children are inadequate, unless they are based upon a full and generous appreciation of the altered status of the home after the death of the father.

4. Jimmie

Jimmie, red-cheeked and blue-eyed, reticent in manner and yet somehow suggesting conscious power, had run away from home. He was said to be lazy and untrustworthy and to be doing poor work in school. More than that, he was accused of petty stealing.

When Jimmie was 13 years 3 months old, his mental age as disclosed by a psychological examination was 11 2/12, so that his intelligence quotient appeared to be 84. He was reported at this time to have good judgment and a keen sense of humor, combined with some emotional instability. Five months later, when his chronological age was 13 years 8 months, his mental age was observed to be 13 1/12 years, with an I. Q. of 96. After some of his adjustments had been made and he had reached the chronological age of 15 years 1 month, he revealed a mental age of 15 4/12 years and an I. Q. of 101. The early suspicion that he was of dull mentality was shown to be false; in reality his mental power was average or better, though its activity had been somewhat inhibited by emotional influences. The conditions that gave rise to this situation may be appreciated from his social history.

His mother is a woman of careless habits and low moral standards. His father had a record of arrests for drunkenness and petty larceny. The home they formed was characterized by squalor and licentiousness. The guardianship became so improper and hazardous that when Jimmie was four years old, the boy and his sister were taken from it and placed in an institution. He remained in this shelter for children until he was twelve; then, the father having died of a combination of tuberculosis and alcoholism, the mother undertook to re-establish a home and took the children back. Just as Jimmie was beginning to make his adjustment to life with his mother, she married an irresponsible man, many years her junior, an irregular worker who showed little interest in his step-children, except by asserting his dominance over them. The home thus constituted was in a neighborhood of marked social and economic inferiority; the visitors and the children's associates were of a low and undesirable type. The entire atmosphere, in and out of the home, was fraught with temptations and demoralizing influences.

The boy had gotten into the habit of stealing small articles and defensively accounting for them as things he had found. The step-father, finding his influence unavailing, wanted to have the boy placed again in an institution, but as a compromise Jimmie was sent temporarily to a paternal aunt, whose home was one of comfort and high standards.

Jimmie did not fit readily into the new environment. He seemed to be unwilling to work much and apparently took pleasure in teasing his cousins, who were younger than he. He was a Catholic and his aunt a Protestant; the religious conflict, combined with the rigid standards of the home, led to various unpleasant episodes, as a result of which he was soon sent back to his own home.

The contrast between the real home atmosphere that he was obliged to leave and the broils, discomforts, and unhappiness of the old environment conspired to make him still more unhappy. His reactions to his mother's home, and particularly to his step-father, expressed themselves in various untoward ways. He began to steal small quantities of wood and coal, which he sold in order to get money to go to the movies, to buy candy, and to satisfy other adolescent interests. He made friends of boys who were not averse to theft. His school work showed a lack of interest; he was often tardy, and was considerably retarded. His manner was one of hostility to the world, though as a whole he was quiet and not pugnacious.

He had been in the 4A grade until he visited his aunt; there he was thought to be able to do sixth grade work. When he came home he was placed in the 5B grade, where he showed more interest and some evidence of ability to perform the work without difficulty. But he still manifested the emotional distress which arose from the unsatisfactory surroundings, influences, and relationships of his home.

A crisis came when his parents insisted upon his handing over the money which he received from the sale of stolen property. When he refused, his step-father told him that he was being reported to the authorities so that he might be put away, and threatened that he would be taken away at once if he did not get out of the house. At this all Jimmie's emotions crystallized into an assertion of independence and a determination to fight for his rights. Immediately he ran away from home. His goal was the home in which he had already spent part of his time, and which had left pleasant recollections of food, shelter, and companionship.

In view of their disagreeable relations in the past, his aunt was in a quandary as to whether to accept responsibility for him again. But she was soon convinced that it was desirable to give the boy a chance to redeem himself and to benefit by constructive influences during his adolescent period. His mother and step-father were not averse to his staying with her, in spite of the religious differences, and felt some satisfaction at being relieved of immediate responsibility for his welfare. The adjustment proved satisfactory. The boy attended school regularly and was interested in his work. A psychological test taken after he had been there several months (the third in the series already referred to) indicated

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normal capacity. His good-humor reasserted itself and a considerable degree of his adolescent irritability subsided. He took up his household chores and performed them regularly and satisfactorily. His tendencies towards theft ceased. He could no longer be called untrustworthy. He had been miscast in the part he had to play in his original home, but he proved a successful juvenile when the drama of life was set in his aunt's home.

It was natural that Jimmie's re-adjustment to a permanent home of high standards, sobriety, thrift, and parental care should bring problems of its own. It was inevitable that there should be some friction between his cousins and himself. The adolescent boy is rarely a genial companion, day after day, for children several years younger than himself, and the outside child always has a difficult position to establish and maintain in the presence of several children of the same family. Jimmie soon began teasing his cousins again and was arrogant in his assumptions of superiority. Naturally, the aunt's sympathy went first to her own children, and she began to question whether her child-saving experiment should be continued. She, too, was obliged to make adjustments in her point of view, and was able to do so when she had further enlightenment as to the nature of adolescent traits, the means of guiding them, and the advantages of her continued guidance to her brother's child.

The experiment is still in progress, but its success is assured. In all likelihood the physical and mental development of this boy will result in a stabilizing of his character that will be a tribute to an aunt's devotion and to the inherently self-respecting qualities of Jimmie himself.

Into the evolution of Jimmie's character, there entered the unfortunate marriage which gave him birth, the alcoholism and immorality of his parents and their economic failure, his removal to an institution because of improper guardianship, the influence of eight years of institutional discipline, the release from a repressive regime to the freedom of his mother's home, the check to his unfolding character through his mother's re-marriage and the entrance of an idle and brutal step-father into the home, the influences of a disorderly neighborhood, and the threat of being "put away." These elements led to his emotional and moral deterioration, reaching their culmination during the period of slowly developing adolescence and greatly increasing the emotional instabilities characteristic of that period.

Yet the accusations based upon his misdemeanors were unjust. He was not essentially a liar, a thief, or a ne'er-do-well; his true character had been masked through his reaction against social assaults. The correction of his misbehavior could not have been secured by a purely physical or mental approach. His attitudes and conduct were normal symptoms of social maladjustment, and the natural evolution of his character towards sound and effective living demanded only the readjustment of his social environment.

It is this type of adjustment which goes far to indicate the essential interactions of hereditary and environmental influence. Jimmie's character potentials, judging by the character of performance of his parents, were certainly full of hazards. Had he lived uninterruptedly in the unfortunate environment from which he was removed to a child-caring institution, eight years of subjection to environing forces would have tended constantly to weaken his physical and moral fibre. Institutional life helped to save him from the dangerous influence of that environment upon the qualities he may have inherited. His recurrent tendencies to unfavorable conduct, when he was (*Continued on page* 486)

Spoil

By WILLIAM E. BROOKS

"Fair spoil I thought Him as I reached the well,
Upstanding, tall, and vigorous of tread;
Wanderers like Him had often found me there,
And spent their desert gold with reckless hand
In wild delight. His burnous veiled His face,
I could not see His eyes as I came in,
But after the ancient fashion of my trade
I smiled and dropped a corner of my veil.
Ah, He would think me fair, like a garden fair,
My eyes like the eyes of doves, a scarlet thread
My lips that waited for His first hot kiss:
And then. . . . I saw His face! No man like that
Had ever crossed my path. His words were filled
With courtesy and ancient kindly grace,
As though He thought of His mother seeing me.
I gave Him drink to slake the hot day's thirst,
Then something happened I cannot understand.
For He talked of living water from strange wells
Deep in the heart of God; and as He talked
I knew a thirst like none I had known before,
But not for the old delight that filled my days.
Strange how the scarlet paled beneath His eyes,
How gay things withered to a scorned contempt!
And hours I thought so fair came trooping back,
Like grinning goblins in a ghostly night,
Pointing their horrid fingers, crying shame.
I felt soul-stripped and naked in His sight,
A leprous thing His hands could never touch—
And yet His eyes were tender as He spoke.
I go to tell the town that knows me well.
(Strange herald I, to go before His face)
The sun burns hot . . . my head reels . . . is it the sun?
I hope He stays here yet another day,
For if He does perhaps I shall find peace. . . .
Peace! . . . and two hours ago I thought Him spoil!"

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EDITORIALS

ALMOST thirty years ago Dr. L. Emmett Holt published the treatise on diseases of children which established him as the recognized authority in that field. Soon afterward, he brought out his lay companion volume on the upbringing of babies. While those first babies reared according to its tenets have been growing to maturity, a whole school of American pediatrics has been built up on scientific study and experience. A quarter century ago, as Dr. Holt himself reminded the American Pediatric Society in his presidential address last spring, there were not half a dozen children's specialists in the country. No medical school had a department of pediatrics, no laboratory stood ready to investigate pediatric problems, except diphtheria. There were no milk stations, no baby health stations, no state or municipal departments of child hygiene, no public health nurses. Through the whole of the gigantic exploration and conquest—first of the problems of disease in children, and increasingly, in the field of prevention and the constructive building of rosy-cheeked health, Dr. Holt has led the growing forces, as scientist, practitioner, citizen, and educator; most recently through the American Child Health Association. His original published studies have been revised, amplified, even reversed, as new scientific study has substantiated or disproved earlier views. The *Care and Feeding of Children* has gone through no less than twelve revised editions in twenty-five years; it has appeared in a Spanish edition circulated widely in South America, in French and German editions in Europe. Last year, at sixty-eight, Dr. Holt published an appraisal of the recent scientific studies of nutrition, and his death, two weeks ago, found him in China, where he went by appointment of the Rockefeller Foundation, as visiting professor of pediatrics at the Peking Union Medical College.

Dr. Holt's career summarizes to an amazing degree that nice balance of open-minded research, professional execution, and social aims, which has made the American effort to promote child health an outstanding and growing achievement. No expression of indebtedness to him, its acknowledged dean, could go deeper than the continued regard for these many-sided ideals which his own life so successfully exemplified.

DISTURBING word comes from Washington that the chances for federal action based on the findings and recommendations of the United States Coal Commission are narrowing. Congressmen are preoccupied with tax proposals, with the soldiers' bonus, with patronage, with the coming presidential election. Most important of all, public interest in coal has for the moment gone to sleep. Coal prices continue to rise, but there is no coal shortage; a nation-wide strike in the bituminous coal fields is likely to break in April, but April is still some months off. On the assumption that the public was vitally interested in having some of the grosser evils of the coal trade, and especially of the domestic fuel situation remedied, Congress appropriated $600,000 to lay the foundations for legislation. Certainly a million additional dollars were spent by miners, operators and private agencies that cooperated with the Commission in its work. The Commission delivered what is generally recognized as the most complete social and economic audit of an entire industry that has yet been made in America.

But already dust may be said to be accumulating upon the Commission's reports before they have even been printed and bound. There are men in Congress and in the federal departments who are anxious to convert the work of the Coal Commission into practical legislation; but they are hampered by the fact that the Commission held no public hearings; and failed to put its findings out in such form as to make them available to interested laymen. The big budgets of multigraphed data which it distributed to a limited list, staggered the attention of the student. Yet while the Commission failed to match staff research with educational work, and while we may cudgel Congressional indifference, if next spring and next winter the old evils descend upon coal consumers again, the public will have its own lethargy principally to blame.

There is a lot of latent concern around the country, but it is as yet unorganized. Those who are interested in building on the work of the Commission should make their interest known at the White House and to Senator William E. Borah, who was largely responsible for the bill creating the Commission, and to other members of Congress upon whose aggressive interest in the coal problem hope for federal action during this session hangs.

ADAM, naming the animals, had no precedents to guide him, and his roving fancy was sometimes eccentric. There was no good reason, however, why the Personnel Classification Board of the federal government should have attacked its job in the same spirit of naiveté. When the status of graduate nurses was in question, for example, there were sound precedents for considering them as professional workers—the United States Census, the immigration laws, the law which gives army and navy nurses the rank of officers, to say nothing of the concensus of opinion among medical and health workers generally, or the fresh emphasis on the professional training of nurses which has been given by the establishment of independent university schools at Yale and Western Reserve Universities.

Yet all the 5,000 nurses in departmental service in Washington, including the superintendents of nurses in the Veterans' Bureau and the Public Health Service, who are responsible for recruiting and directing staffs which include more than a thousand registered nurses, have been classified as "sub-professional," with the single exception of the chief nurse in the Children's Bureau who is "clerical, administrative and fiscal." Nurses in the field are placed in a non-professional group called the "nursing and attending group," which includes orderlies and attendants as well as nurses and can therefore be reckoned neither professional nor sub-professional.

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Like the blunders of the Board in the case of the Children's Bureau and the civil service generally (see The Survey for January 1 and January 15, 1924) the issue is one of principle as well as of terminology and reacts directly on service. What is likely to be the effect of such ratings, if they are allowed to stand, on the progressive raising of standards of training in the nursing profession? Or, more narrowly, on the ability of the federal service to attract well-trained and competent nurses?

CIVILIZATION, from one point of view, is the measure of man's success in overcoming not only the obstacles with which nature has surrounded him, but also those ugly products and by-products of his own passage from the nomadic life of the forests, plains and deserts to the intricately organized beehives of modern industry. To an increasingly greater extent people have lost the possibility of attaining space, sunshine, and quiet; of controlling their own food and water supplies; of choosing their own neighbors, or the kind and conditions of their labor. But in the constant race between noise, dirt and the crowded confusion of the city, and an orderly science which can dissect out the dangerous elements of urban conditions and counteract them, science seems to be winning. While the newspapers still are full of stories of the inhuman conditions of housing in the city, New York announces that the crude deathrate for 1923 was 11.72 per thousand of population, the lowest in the city's history. Had it continued at the rate of 20.26 which prevailed when the Greater City was created twenty-five years ago, 50,000 more persons would have died in New York last year.

More exact as a figure of comparison, since it is not dependent upon the age composition of the whole population, is the infant deathrate, which tells the number of babies under one year of age who die in a given year per thousand of those liveborn that same year. In 1923, in New York, this was 66. In 1898 it was 205, or more than three times as many. The infant deathrate is a reliable index to the wellbeing of the whole community. Despite the early pessimistic predictions, babies are not carried through their first year only to increase the figures of other groups by a later untimely end. That New York has been able to outdistance most of the smaller cities and many rural districts in spite of her obvious handicaps in housing, congestion, isolation from her food supply, and the burden of hundreds of thousands of new immigrants from this country or abroad who must re-adjust themselves to changed ways of working and living, proves a tremendous conservation of human energy and happiness. With continued effort even this huge unwieldy metropolis may aim at the inspiring goals set by some of the younger cities of the middle-west and the Pacific coast—Minneapolis and Duluth, with infant deathrates of 52 and 51; Portland, with 50; Seattle, with 47, and Tacoma with 41!

THE Iron Age in its annual review at the turn of the year calls the decision of the leaders of the steel industry "to abolish the 12-hour day as urged by President Harding," the "outstanding event" of 1923 so far as the relations of employers and employes in that industry are concerned.

Fifteen years ago a former editor of the Iron Age, a man of interriational standing as an expert but whose bent was largely along technical and commercial lines, was asked by the editor of The Survey what his trade journal had published with reference to safety of life and limb. His answer was "Nothing." His answer registered the preoccupation of engineers and managers in the steel trade with their main business of production. With notable exceptions, they did not conceive of themselves as concerned with what John A. Fitch (whose business it became to dislodge their inertia) called the human side of large outputs.

In the succeeding fifteen years they have become increasingly alive to the wastes (and values) in slag piles, ore dust-clouds and the squandered by-products of coke. Their awakening to social conservation has been even more striking. The rise of safety engineering and the spread of workmen's compensation, in which the steel industry (once under way) has been a leader, has been a measure of this new concern for grueling wastes of life and limb. Their belated capitulation this last year to common sense and lay criticism in the matter of the 12-hour day in the continuous processes, has broadened out that concern to envisage wastes in fatigue and in stunted family and community life. In this winning fight, such steel men as Dickson and Hook, such engineers as Hoover and Cooke, have thrown their weight cummulating with the forces of public opinion as exemplified by the Cabot Fund, the Inter-Church World Report, the Federal Council of Churches and the National Engineering Council. The present editors of the Iron Age have themselves consistently advanced a contructive consideration of the three-shift system and this annual review number, as big as a New York telephone directory or a Sears Roebuck catalogue, is itself a register of the change.

As a leading feature it presents reports gathered from Chicago, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Philadelphia as to the extent to which the long day has been eliminated in the continuous processes since last August. The results are summarized in these words:

> . . . . the U. S. Steel Corporation and a number of the independents have virtually completed the change from the 12-hour shift to the shorter hours. The estimate of the Pittsburgh district is that all of the employes of the Steel Corporation and 70 per cent of the independent plants are now working less than 12 hours while at Chicago and some other centers the change has been carried out with admirable zeal to an even greater extent.

There seems to have been considerable resistance to the change on the part of some independent companies, notably in the Philadelphia district. Leadership in the steel industry is confronted not only with the challenge to make the change universal and to make it permanent, but with other secondary problems, such as clearing away much crude back muscle work which the long day has tended to perpetuate, reckoning with the influx of Negro labor (not due to this change but accentuated by it), providing further housing accommodations in the mill districts, and recognizing leisure time needs as never before. The test of the three shift system —whether the smaller plants will be swept into the reform, or some of the big concerns will slump back—will come, it is generally conceded, when business resumes its normal stride, and the demand for production is heavy. Judge Gary is quoted as saying confidently, "I believe we can maintain the new system."

ONE after another the objections that were offered to the change as recently as the report of the American Iron and Steel Institute last May, are knocked into a cocked hat by the practical reports from the field as published by the Iron Age. One of these objections was that the cost would be prohibitive. It is (*Continued on page* 492)

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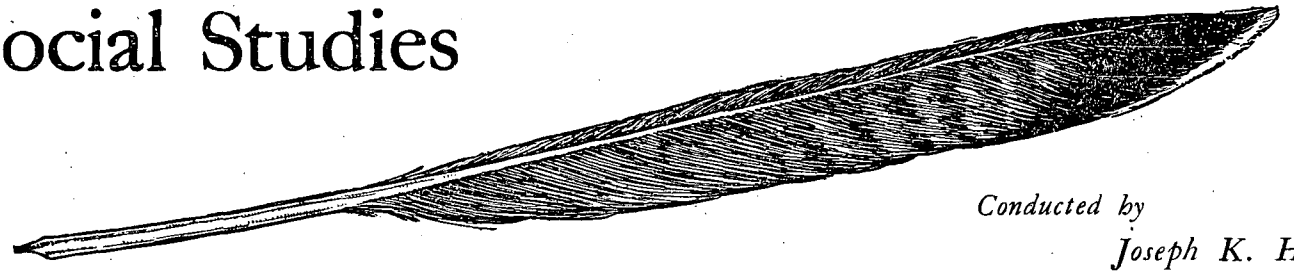
Social Studies



Conducted by
Joseph K. Hart

The Group and the Community

MEMBERSHIP in a group is the most primitive, the most real and the most pleasurable of human experiences: without it human living would be impossible; denied it, the human being disintegrates, or dies. "He who, except by accident, is not a member of some group," said Aristotle, "is either a brute or a god." We become human by growing up in the nurturing intimacies of the human group!

None the less, membership in but a single group is, in a different way, almost a complete barrier to the realization of human quality. No particular group has ever been, or is, completely human—the summation of all human excellencies. Each such group is always the possessor of some more or less important fragment of human value, and it is usually contemptuous of, or it denies or ignores all other human values. Hence, members of any single group develop unbalanced personalities, leaning in the direction favored by the group, contemptuous of or ignorant about all other possible ranges of personal development. This is, of course, the function of the group in the modern world: it nurtures a single aspect of the member's personality, repressing or suppressing all other aspects and making him a "good member." The group attempts to "control" its members: in extreme cases it does completely dominate them; and when its control is too greatly resisted, it expels the member.

IN more primitive times, the group was much more inclusive. Living had not been specialized: the racial group, or the clan, was rich in humanizing opportunities. That is to say, the primitive group was of the nature of an un-specialized community.

In our older rural and village neighborhoods, the "whole community" was rather more imposing than was any particular fraction or group within the community: hence, those old neighborhoods produced generally well-ballanced personalities, though the lack of many humanistic elements seems obvious now. Specialization, in our present highly-prized form, was almost unknown. An occasional "schoolman," like Ichabod Crane, was regarded by his local Sleepy Hollow as an amusing variant. For most people, school, church, "business" and even politics were fractional interests,—mere means to the "real business of living,"—to-wit,—the development of "good citizens" and the "salvation of souls."

Such community-groups are almost unknown, today, as are also those older meanings of the two words "citizen" and "soul.". These words connote a certain integrity, a wholeness, that has largely disappeared. For a century we have been moving toward the so-called "city," an overwhelming aggregation of individuals—with its inescapable fragmentation of the old neighborhood, the "citizen" and the "soul." For the piling up of the mass has come about at the expense of those community conditions which once produced the "citizen" with a "soul." Instead of "citizens," we now have "business men" and "workers"; and instead of "souls" we now have "sensations."

OR, if we still have some fragments of soul left, we find nourishment therefor, not in "the city," as a whole, as men once nourished their souls in the community or the community-group—but in some remnant of the old community life that still survives as a more or less primitive sort of group. "The city" is an abstraction, and abstractions do not nourish the soul. But "the city" is not all: few people within the limits of "the city" ever see it. They see, they know, they experience, they live in some group that still binds them back to the soul of the race.

The populations of "the city" are woven through and through with such groups, of all sizes, with interests ranging from the primitive and fundamental to the accidental and bizarre. Each such group has grown up about, or has seized upon, some more or less important fragment of human interest or value, emphasizing it, protecting it from contamination, pleading its cause before the world. In a sense, therefore, the old neighborhood-community is all here, in "the city"—but in bits and fragments, unbalanced, exaggerated, nowhere complete: all the "elements of citizenship" may be found, but the citizen has vanished; fragments of "the spiritual life" abound, but "the soul," exiled from science, seems unable to maintain itself in the city.

"The city" is not a concrete human reality in which people can live: it is too abstract, too bleak. Retreating from this bleakness, we find our real lives in more or less congenial groups, until for most of us "the city" becomes a meaningless phrase. But our groups are not "humanity"—they are mere fragments of humanity. If we would become completely human, we must join a sufficient number of these groups to find primitive nurture for every root and fibre of our beings. Each such group will claim as much of our energy as we will permit. Such membership is our closest approach to the primitive human realities, today: it humanizes us—within limits. But while humanizing us in part, it tends to deform us as a whole. The "worker," the "capitalist" are both intensely human within their groups, but strangely blind to much that lies outside. We cannot become wholly human without membership in groups; but as groups go today, we must live in many groups if we are to "make the round of humanity" and become human.

RELIGION ought to be interested in helping us to find out the ranges of group-life that we need for the nourishment of our souls; education ought to be interested in helping us to find our ways into those ranges, in order that, humanizing ourselves by these memberships, we may come at last to "the city," and either transform its bleakness into human warmth, or if that be impossible, be wise enough to plan what step to take next in order to bring back to earth something that can properly be called community.

But accident now largely determines the extent and range of group memberships available to most of us, or into which we stumble. As long as this is so, whether we shall turn out well-rounded human beings or more or less deformed personalities will remain "on the lap of the gods"!

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Our Social Institutions

A Course for High Schools

X. The Criminal

Primitive groups always assumed that conformity to custom was virtue, and transgression of custom, no matter what the intent, was of the nature of crime. Custom forbade certain things and commanded others; what those things were did not enter into the matter: custom made all things right or wrong, thus saving the individual member of the group all the distress of having to make up his mind for himself. His conscience felt "right" when he had obeyed the custom; it "hurt" when he had been disobedient. Of course, customs changed from group to group. Hence, "right" or "wrong" changed from group to group: what was a virtue in one group might be a crime in another. Hence, when, as sometimes happened, two such groups found it necessary to unite, "right" and "wrong" had a rather hard time of it. What was likely to be the outcome?

1. Who Is the Criminal?

What is the definition of "a crime"? Is "breaking the law" always a crime? Is that a sufficient definition of a crime? Does the making of new laws create new crimes? Does the repeal of old laws repeal old crimes? What is an "unwritten law"? Does breaking an "unwritten law" constitute a crime?

If the law-breaker does not know he is breaking the law, is he still a criminal? What is meant by the maxim: "Ignorance of the law excuses no one"? Can an innocent man be a criminal? Can a child be a criminal? Can a mentally defective person be a criminal? Can an insane man be a criminal? If a boy throws a stone, is he a criminal? If the stone breaks a window, is he a criminal? Whether he intended to break it or not? Is carelessness criminal? Does it ever become criminal?

2. The Purposes of Punishment

Should the criminal be punished? How can that be done? Primitive groups frequently punished guilty members by expelling them from the group: was that a light or a severe punishment? Do modern groups ever do anything similar? What is an "outlaw"? Is revenge a proper motive for inflicting punishment? What effect does this motive have upon the one showing it? If the punishment secures repentance, has it been justified? Should it seek to secure reformation of the criminal? Have punishments usually been successful in this dircetion? Should the criminal make reparation? Can punishment secure this result? In what ways do criminals differ from "honest folks"? Does punishment ever transform a criminal into an "honest man"? Are all who have been punished members of the "criminal classes"?

3. What is Vice?

How does a vice differ from a crime? Should a vicious person be punished by society? How does society deal with vice and with vicious persons? Does ignoring them solve the problem? Should a person addicted to vice be accepted as a member of the community? Can a vice ever become a crime? What are the effects of vice upon the personality? Are vices necessary? Must every one have vices? How is a vice developed? How can it be cured? What are some of the laws of habit which apply to the development and cure of vices? Can a good life be constructed, even against the opposition of vicious desires and tendencies? Is it true that if one is once vicious or criminal there is no further chance for him? James wrote: "As one becomes a drunkard by so many separate drinks, so one becomes a good man or an expert in any line by so many separate acts and hours of work?" Does this seem to be true?

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Questions on Current Issues

Children

Haeckel has somewhere said: "Humanity is neither truly just nor truly merciful, but it makes up for these deficiencies by being extraordinarily sentimental." This seems to sum up the case as to the world's dealings with its children. In general, we can say that human beings, both individually and collectively, are unjust and unmerciful to children; but that they have developed extraordinary capacity to soften these attitudes at need and to dim the memories of old mistakes by keeping on tap at all times whole oceans of sentimentality. Understanding of childhood lies somewhere between these extremes of injustice and sentimentality, perhaps. The problem is the same everywhere: in New York City, among the negroes of South Carolina, on the far reaches of Russia's "gorgeous plains."

1. Children of Southern Negroes

What right have the children or the grandchildren of slaves to a share in the culture of humanity? Have they a right, if they can take on this culture? But, can they take it on? What do the "scientists" say about this? Do Negro children ever really learn anything? Have the schools for Negroes really accomplished anything? If a single Negro child learns anything important, what does that prove about Negro children in general? If a single Negro child commits some "criminal" or "immoral" act, what does that prove about Negroes in general? Are these questions of any importance to "America"?

2. Children of Russia

Can the children of Russian parents learn to read and write? Do they want to learn? Should they be helped to secure learning? Does it make any difference to the rest of the world? Will the Russians ever be again admitted to fellowship with the rest of the world? Was Russia always a "bad" nation? When did she become bad? Did the children become "bad" at the same time? The children who have been born since then, too? Have the Russian children any "right" to an education? What gives any child the "right" to an education? In what ways are the Russian children more immoral or more unworthy than are American or English or French children?

3. Children in New York City

What chance has a New York City child of growing up to be healthy? The child of any other city? What percentage of city children have adequate play spaces? How does the city protect its children against the immoralities of the older men and women? How does the city protect the minds of its children from the accumulated filth of the generations? How does the city provide for the proper vocational education of its children? Has a city child any rights on the streets?

Is "bad behavior" evidence of depravity? What factors enter into behavior? Into the training of children? Are children "free" to be good or bad as they may prefer? Why should any child prefer to be bad? Did any child ever prefer to be bad? What would that mean, psychologically? What training would be involved in becoming a "behavior expert"? Is there any demand in your community for "behavior experts"? What has your community been doing for such experts in the past? Who are your present "behavior experts"?

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(1). Cooley. (2). Strong. (3). Wile.

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HOMES OF THE FREE

(*Continued from page 470*)

wonder they love personal adornments. Color plays so large a part in their lives. Here we have the bright birds, Kentucky cardinals, blue birds, nonpareils; here we see acres of bright colored blossoms in the fields for a longer season than in the colder North; even the cotton crop means a flower garden, for the wonderful yellow blossoms turn a rose pink and then a pomegranate red, as the days pass. Often one sees all these colors and the matured snowy cotton on one plant.

When spring comes to the Islands, it fairly shouts. The new greens of the oaks, the yellow jessamine, the little front yards with their daffodils, and later the oleanders and the crepe myrtles, all this must affect the young race and it does. Flowers appear in the boys' buttonholes and in the girls' hair, and I think Dame Nature is the one who has given the Negroes their love of color so often criticized by us of a colder race. If this innate love for color and ornament were developed, not as we Westerners feel it, but as they as an Eastern people feel it, America might be made richer.

The passing of the bandanna has been a distinct loss, I think, in our rural life. The women used always to wear this bright-colored head-dress wound close to show the shape of the head. When we reached the Islands nineteen years ago, bandannas had begun to go, the black and white head-cloths had taken their place, and hats had found a place on top of the head-cloths. Now only occasionally does one see the bright-colored bandanna of the old days and in its passing we have lost an eastern touch in our western world that might well have been encouraged.

Speaking of bandannas, one naturally thinks of hair. While all the white races are longing for curls and hundreds are willing to sit under the hands of the hairdressers for a "permanent wave," the Negro newspapers give hundreds of advertisements of "hair straighteners" and "lengtheners," and many of the young race are achieving straight, glossy hair that can be arranged most effectively in this day of bobbed hair among the whites. Meanwhile the teachers as well as the older girls are waging a continual war on the strings that are sometimes used in braiding the hair of the little tots, a custom used in the old days, some mothers have told me, to help to make the hair grow, and also to save time, for alas! the braids could "stay in" indefinitely. The young Negro women teachers are a continual object lesson to the Island girls in their dress and coiffure. The cultivated Negro woman knows how to dress simply and in perfect taste. Probably, on the money she spends, she is among the best dressed of any race.

But enough of clothes. What I have said of the passing of the bare feet to shoes "keener in de mout'," of the cycle from turbans to coiffures that have all the flare of an Egyptian fresco, from the "two clothes a year" to hand-embroidered underclothes, will convey at least to my women readers that youth and sex are "kinnery" the races through. What I have written about clothes throws light on the psychology of the wearers in a period of transition—an adolescence true of the group as well as of the individual. Three generations have bridged the gap "Up from Slavery" from the Negro "Street" of plantation days to the self-dependent households of freedom.

Here let me add from the experience of a few of my younger friends some evidences of the new leadership of the new generation in the older women's vocations—as mothers and nurses and homemakers.

There are two young women now in the schoolhouse teaching the Island children, who used to walk to school at Penn from their plantation homes. Arabelle Washington and Catherine Gregory began as youngsters, and so traveled up and down the road, through the grades, into the vocational class, and boarding department, and finally into the graduating class. Then each one went into a county school on Ladies Island for a year of teaching to earn the necessary money to take her to Hampton, for they longed for the larger life that they saw in their own teachers. Long years at Hampton, where they entered the work class and worked their way through, built stability and power into their characters. "Do you want us back at Penn? We shall go nowhere else if Penn needs us," was the joyful message sent to us on the Island five years later. And Penn did want them back, that they might give again the gift that had been given to them.

Albertha Robinson came from Hilton Head Island where a boat touches three times a week. As a matter of fact, it doesn't touch the island. You leave the little river steamer and jump down into a bateau that is rowed out to meet you. Albertha had no mother and father and it was a struggle, this education business, for as I have said clothes and shoes and books take cash. But I have not told how the poorly paid Negro teachers put their hands in their purses and help their pupils over the "rough and ruggedy road." I come on these stories by accident, and they always thrill me. Penn School teachers helped Albertha Robinson many a time.

As a Penn graduate, she went home to Hilton Head Island to teach, and our visit there one spring day was a glad one. She lived far off on a lonely plantation with her little old grandmother. The house, and the fence, too, had been whitewashed within and without by Albertha. The garden was planted, the trees cared for, and there we found a graduate who could give herself to her group every day in the week. On Saturdays her club of girls, The Happy Links, met at her home, and on Sundays she taught the children in Sunday School.

Before Albertha, came Nancy Wright to Penn School. Then we had no dormitory and as Nancy lived just on the edge of "The Main," she had to live in the community, working for her board. She brought her rice from home, pounding it in the primitive mortar and pestle made out of oak. She was in the first class to graduate after the beginnings in industrial education had been made, and all through these years she has been working with the girls, as our matron's assistant, and serving as an interpreter. Tall, straight, as quiet as an Indian, she holds the traits of both races as her birthright—their endurance, their quietness, their patience.

The strength of the Negro teachers lies in the fact that they have made the journey; they are of the race and know their own strength and needs and weakness. Their background of inherited wealth, not of money but of those things that are of greatest value, is less than that of the white teachers, but when there is ambition and a love for hard work, the Negro teacher can keep head and shoulders above her class and be a leader they love to follow for she inspires them to be like her.

There is a similar spirit in the new home-makers. Theirs is a struggle to get footing for the family in their community, a better chance for their children than they had. These young mothers work hand in hand with the teachers of Penn School. They continue to come to school through our clubs —Penn School, Graduates, and Home-makers. The most progressive are usually those who have been under the influence of the industrial work in the school. They know its value and have had in their lives something of the teaching and the struggle their mothers and grandmothers had

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in slavery days. The gap has been in some measure bridged.

One morning after Benezet had opened, I remember meeting a mother walking up the road with two girls, each with a bundle in her hand. They had come over from Coosaw Island, and never before had they had so large an experience. I can see them now, as neat as pins, as dark as the richest mahogany, with rather frightened eyes, for they knew not white people, as none lived on their own island; so soft were their voices we had to ask them their names again and again. Redel Ladson, and Ophelia Fields were the musical alliteratives that finally became so well known to us, and now to all St. Helena.

Redel with her little family of four sons and one daughter will show you her home with a quiet pride and dignity that is good to see. The house stands on its own acres. The living-room has a bright linoleum rug on the floor, and books and pictures. A refrigerator made by a boy in the Penn School carpenter shop, a porch, trees in the yard, a new roof of asbestos shingles, all make this little whitewashed, happy home stand out in its community.

And Ophelia? Yes, go and see her too, and while you will find no children in that home, you will find a real community worker. She has a small shop where neighbors drop in to buy second-hand clothing or shoes. A corn mill with a gasoline engine grinds their corn. She will show you her pure-bred Duroc Jersey pigs, her Rhode Island Red poultry, her turkeys, her cow. The ever-blooming rose bush in the corner of her yard, bending over her whitewashed fence, gives greeting.

A SCHOOL like ours is like a factory; its ultimate product, homes. The process of education has woven its way through the generations of the race in this country, and the past has a vital connection with the present. And so our Baby Day is a celebration as well as an educational day. It is a day for the midwives, many of them the grandmothers representing the long march down the road since slavery, a day for the young householders, and for all the babies under four years old. And, as you will see, our first celebration was made possible because we relied on the understanding and cooperation of the graduate mothers of the school.

All about the hall were posters sent by the State Health Bureau, and the Child Welfare Bureau in Washington, so the family groups could see that they were taking part in a movement that did not belong just to St. Helena Island. This idea in itself was worth the effort! The posters made by the nurse and her committee struck at local conditions, and told stories that should go to every mother's brain and home. But even more vivid than the posters was the exhibit of things necessary for the better health and comfort of the baby.

Here was a full set of baby clothes, made in the sewing classes, and every mother could see how inexpensively the baby might be properly cared for, every bit of the material having been bought at the local stores. When the time came to go home every mother was given a full set of newspaper patterns, so that she took away more than an idea, which might be forgotten. Then, as she faced the front of the room, she had before her other pictures of practical possibilities in her own home. There was a table set for the baby's bath, another set with a proper meal for a one-year-old child, and behind it a doll dressed properly, which made the children look harder than their mothers. A fireless cooker, made out of a lard pail and tub, showed how cereals could be cooked and how milk could be kept cool in the summer.

One exhibit that always arouses interest is the baby-basket —one of the wood baskets from the school shop placed be-

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tween two kitchen chairs over which was hung mosquito netting. Probably this is very similar to the basket Moses slept in on the river Nile; the traveler finds the same basket made in Africa today. Two of our young graduates sent the white enamel crib they had produced for their own baby, and that showed the fight is being won, at least among the younger group, to get the baby into his own basket or crib, and out of the big bed between father and mother. Another pair of young graduates sent in their baby carriage for the exhibit, and mosquito netting showed how that could also meet the problem of sleeping quarters.

The fun began when the actual weighing and measuring started. Mothers and babies had been fed, and a jolly time they all had together. Back to the hall they came after their lunch, and some of the weary little people took naps on the cot beds which had been provided for just such a contingency. Every baby was finally measured and weighed —clean, sweet babies from all over the Island, dressed in their very best, and always with the bit of color on them which made their brown velvet skins shine in contrast; the excitement of the day made them all "little brown babies wiv spa'klin' eyes." Scales and the measuring rod were hard at work while mothers and "midders" could visit and study the exhibit. When the height and weight were up to the standard required by the federal Child Welfare Bureau, a blue ribbon was won, and reds were given to the nearly perfect babies. All the graduates' babies won the blue, which showed that the lessons in hygiene in school were really bearing fruit.

But it didn't go so smoothly as I am writing it! When we started our first Baby Day, we found opposition because one of the women with wide influence among her neighbors circulated the idea that we wanted all the babies brought to the school just to take their pictures and sent them North. Others thought it might do some harm to the babies, that there must be an element of danger lurking somewhere in so new an idea. The nurse came to me with tears in her eyes and feared the plan was scotched. "We will have our graduates' babies anyway," I said, "and make a beginning with that group; and I won't take a single picture." The next year, however, I spread the message early that I should be there with the camera to take every baby's picture if the mother wanted it, and that she could buy the picture for ten cents and have prints made to send to relatives. Every mother wanted the picture. I took snapshots that hot May day, till I was exhausted!

IN this concluding article I have tried to place the young country woman against a background that explains the upward struggle she has had to make. I have shown the advance of the women field hands to householders, from the hut on the "Street" to rural homes, from an ignorance of health measures to their study and practice. I started with reference to that widespread prejudice against the young Negroes which is often based on the lack of an understanding of the forces and conditions that have surrounded them. This gap in understanding is especially tragic in its isolation of the young people of the two races in the South.

Great tide rivers seem to typify the separation of the young people of the two races. There can be mutual respect only through knowledge. Many of the oncoming generation of the white race are coming across the rivers. When they understand the conditions, the struggles, the successes of the oncoming generation of the black race, a struggle shared to its depths by the women of the race, then we can hope that the great experiment in democracy has a chance of winning out. As one of our Island farmers put it, "A good understanding is a good stand."

THE NEW EDUCATIONAL FRONT IN RUSSIA

(*Continued from page* 442)

state pays the bills for education, and since it cannot yet afford to give free university training to everyone, the choice will fall on those whom some recognized organization wishes to have especially trained. The Foreign Office selects and sends some promising young man to learn Asiatic languages; the Railways send young workers to learn transport problems and engineering. The universities are regarded as organs of the State to train as rapidly as possible the leaders needed for a new Russia.

Many of the students now entering come through the Workers' Faculties, or Rabfacs, and this will probably be the case increasingly for several years to come. These Rabfacs are the one completely new organization in Russian education. They are a short cut for especially gifted workers to the chances of higher learning. They are a temporary expedient for the present poorly educated generation; when all of Russia's youth is educated, they will not be needed.

I talked with a mechanic in the Amo Auto Factory who had received the chance to enter a Rabfac. For years in America he had wanted higher education, but had never been able to secure it. Now his union was paying his way for three years intensive study in preparatory technical courses; on graduation from the Rabfac, he could enter the highest engineering colleges.

Three fourths of the students now entering the Medical School of Kharkov are Rabfac graduates. Soldiers who learned to dress wounds in the war, or were pressed into hospital service in typhus epidemics, acquired a taste for being a doctor. They passed preliminary examinations, proving that they could read and write and had general intelligence. They were recommended by their organizations as serious in purpose. Then they spent three grilling years in a Rabfac preparing for the University.

The old professors groan that these students break down high academic standards. The new professors retort that they bring energy and purpose. Let no one suppose that the Rabfacs are amateur, easy courses. "I never knew what work was in my life," said a university man to me, "till I saw these Rabfacs. They are awkward in mind; they lack habits of study; they go at it bitterly, relentlessly. Day by day they grow thin and worn; their features are pointed with hunger and work."

There is grim determination in the modern student world in Russia. I remember a young girl who slept occasional nights on my sofa. She had fought at the front in the Polish war and shown signs of leadership; it was decided that she was worth training for her country, so she came to the university.

She spent her evenings giving political and civic instruction to factory groups. She slept anywhere she could, having no room in the over-crowded city. She shivered one day in the snow, and when I loaned her a sweater, remarked that "since she was frozen at the front, she didn't seem able to stand cold." She laughed as she related how she and another student, in the hard years of civil war, had been refused admission to a café because they were barefoot. Such silly bourgeois standards—these cafés!

I remember the morning when she woke in my room, converted to the doctrine of open windows. "It's the first morning I haven't a headache," she said cheerfully. I remember the afternoon when she said: "I feel so queer today, I have no stomach-ache. It must be the cornflakes and milk you gave me instead of that heavy black bread." She had continuous headache and stomach-ache; she was worn out

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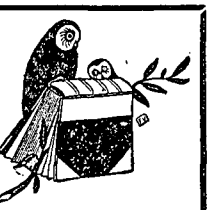

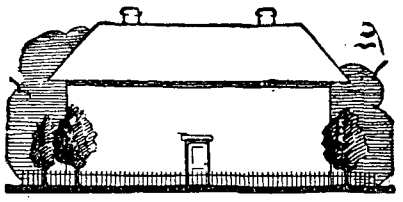

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"I Want A Book"

AS I see it, the chief difference in book shops, excepting the shops that specialize, is in the clientele. The average customer of a small shop knows exactly what he wants, having read copious reviews in the papers and periodicals. He will say perhaps, "I want 'Stephen Crane' by Thomas Beer," and add quickly as the small book shop owner murmurs his usual, "We're out of it, but could have it for you tomorrow," "It's Knopf, you know."

But in department store book shops it is different. The responsibility resting on the shoulders of the "salesladies" is enormous. For the average customer, especially at holiday time, shops for books as he or she would for ties or silk stockings, saying merely, "I want a book."

The clerks can push any book that pleases them, get rid of any stack however tall, and make any author who is not too insistently unpleasant, one of the season's best sellers. Be it said to their credit, the clerks take their jobs seriously. But as the day wanes brains grow as weary as feet. It is increasingly difficult to select the appropriate book to be given to—a man—a young lady—a boy—a baby—an old lady—a little girl, "who likes dogs, but please be sure the story ends well; so often dogs die in dog stories."

One young woman who wants an eminently proper book for her mother, complains bitterly of a clerk in another shop.

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Mother's daughter's answer is harsh but succinct: "I read it first."

With the greatest pains you then select a book guaranteed 99 44/100 per cent pure.

There is the customer who must find a book for a boy of twelve who "has read an awful lot." He has devoured, it transpires, all of childhood's classics from Stevenson to Van Loon; all of last season's gift books, all the pirate and animal tales—and the few books that have escaped him his older brother has and will lend him. This year's offerings always, "He wouldn't care for." Then comes, when innumerable books are strewn about, "I'll make a note of these and ask him; perhaps I'll phone and let you know."

A middle-aged woman asks briefly for "a set of books," and then growing confidential, "To fit my book-ends."

Inspiration comes quickly. "Large or small book-ends, Madam?"

They are small book-ends, she explains; and so you sell her a nice small set of something-or-other, the color of which she approves.

Most trying to the harassed clerk, at holiday time, though welcomed and encouraged by the book shop owners at other seasons, is the so-called gentle browser.

"Anything I can do for you?" you inquire at length of a patron who has been fingering half the books on the tables for an hour or more.

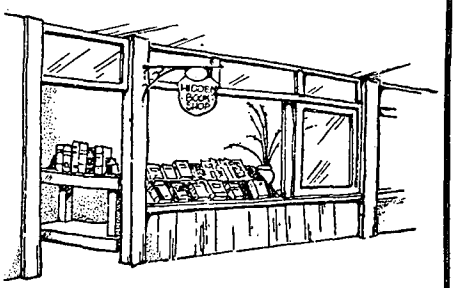
You are favored with a vacant stare, but the answer is in dulcet tones, tones that once heard are unforgettable. "Oh no, I am only browsing."

"Are you sure this is a good book, have *you* read it?" the customer will sometimes demand, as the clerk makes a selection.

"I haven't read it," responds the resourceful one, "but my aunt has and she says it's fine."

"I'll take two then," says the customer and departs in peace.

CAROLINE BIJUR



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nervously by her years at the front. She studied till she broke and went to a farm to work, and came back to study to breaking point again.

It is magnificent; it is terrible. Lots of them have tuberculosis and neurasthenia. Lots of them have died, and lots more are going to die. The youth of a nation does not go through eight years of war and revolution and blockade and famine without paying. They don't take themselves sentimentally, so perhaps we needn't either. They count themselves as a group that will carry on at the cost of many members.

For the heights of knowledge are recognized as the next great battle-front of Russia. They speak of the "front" of Education. They are not cheerful casual college boys; they are an army setting forth to conquer. The greatest stretch of territory on earth lies before them. Its mines and forests and rivers and farms undeveloped, challenge them. Its hundred and thirty million peasants and nomad tribes speaking sixty different languages, call to them. They cannot wait, for Russia cannot wait. They intend to hurry history.

CHILDREN AND THIS CLUMSY WORLD

(*Continued from page 477*)

again subjected to anti-social surroundings, suggest how susceptible he was to deteriorative influences. At the same time, his prompt response to helpful forces reveals a similar capacity to profit by environment of another sort. The innate forces remaining the same, his personality is determined by his social experiences. His environment is of greater consequence than his heredity.

5. Beatrice

Beatrice, twelve years old, was uncommonly hard to manage at home, disobedient and insolent to her mother. At school, where she was doing average work in the 6B grade, her conduct was exemplary. Her ten-year old sister was in the 5B grade, and Beatrice lived in constant friction with her, resenting her progress and apparently superior intelligence.

The father opposed in every possible way the mother's guidance and direction of the child. He himself refused none of Beatrice's requests, and openly approved her acting in opposition to the expressed desires of her mother. This was, however, merely a phase of his attitude toward his wife, which as a whole caused her much unhappiness and led to constant strife in the presence of the children, so that the atmosphere of the home was charged with tension. The girl recognized the weakness of her mother in accepting brutal, cruel and humiliating treatment. She had in turn patterned her conduct after her father and had taken advantage of the situation, becoming insolent, domineering, unruly and pugnacious.

Beatrice had no expressed love for her father, save insofar as she made use of a slight demonstrativeness to gain her ends from him, after they had been denied her by her mother. Her criticisms of her father were direct, sharp, and sane, and she did not hesitate to condemn him. At the same time she had no respect whatever for her mother and ignored her claim upon her own sympathy and support.

The situation between the sisters was easily adjusted by securing their mutual cooperation in the interests of each other and of their mother. The rivalry over schooling subsided quickly when Beatrice realized that both were work-

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ing honestly and conscientiously and willing to help each other to creditable achievements.

Marital unhappiness was the paramount factor in giving rise to Beatrice's misbehavior. It was the continued example that set the pattern. When the daughter came later to see a definite responsibility to aid her mother, the difficulty lay in making this an active principle in her daily life in the face of the father's exhibition of unkindness to the mother and his accessibility to her own requests. Though the father thus became the outstanding feature of the behavior problem, it was not because of a real exchange of affection of the oedipus type. He had no deep love for either daughter; his sole motive in favoring Beatrice was to irritate and confuse her unhappy mother.

Despite many adjustments on the part of Beatrice, the fundamental situation was beyond her control. To expect a twelve-year-old girl to disregard any advantage that might accrue from a disagreement between her parents is more than unreasonable. She was not being won to the support or defense of her father, but was seeking to play his against her mother for the sake of intensifying her emotional satisfactions and gratifying her whims. She had not worked out an adult conception of the situation, but her child mind grasped the inherent advantages it gave her.

The solution lay along definitely social lines. The intolerable home situation demanded a remedy. A society for the prevention of cruelty to children could find little basis for action; the material care was adequate, there was no gross immorality and no direct cruelty to the children. The issue could not be approached from the school, as there the child's record of attendance, accomplishment, and conduct, was eminently satisfactory. As she had not been guilty of immorality, there was small reason to project her into the toils of investigation, nor was it advisable to take her into a juvenile court. A probation officer or a Big Sister would have been able to exert a helpful moral influence and might have succeeded in lessening the child's exploitation of the situation for her own hands. But the crux of the problem required more thoroughgoing management. It was necessary for the mother to have her morale restored and her courage stimulated to the point of utilizing the Court of Domestic Relations. Her position in the eyes of her children and her lost self-esteem, depressing factors in her daily thinking, became the levers to move her to activity against her husband. Though she was afraid of desertion or some other unpleasant retaliation, she finally admitted the futility of living under what amounted to terrorism.

The bonds between herself and her daughter were first strengthened by sympathetic discussions so that the child's cooperation was won. Thus the mother came to have more affection from the child, and at the same time realized the necessity for re-establishing Beatrice's confidence in and respect for her. More important still was her recognition that the daughter's behavior, though its unfilial nature had seemed to the mother the most distressing part of the problem, merely mirrored that of the father. This aided her to summon up the moral strength to counter-attack her husband through legal pressure. Her fears had developed to the fighting stage and a righteous anger was directed toward her marital salvation. As a result of adjusting the relations between father and mother to a livable plane, the daughter's conduct changed from disobedience, contemptuous insolence and disaffection to cooperation, solicitude and affection for her mother.

Are you one of the ten college men (Juniors and Seniors) or of the ten visiting teachers and probation officers, to whom the School is offering a summer of training in New York—with tuition and living expenses paid? . . . . . Your copy of the 1924 *summer school announcement* (which gives full particulars) will be sent free upon request. It contains much valuable information for you and for other social workers, teachers, nurses, ministers, college students, and graduates, who are planning to attend school next summer.

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AMERICAN CHILD HEALTH ASSOCIATION (formerly American Child Hygiene Association and Child Health Organization of America)—Headquarters, 532 17th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; Administrative Offices, 370 7th Ave., New York. Herbert Hoover, pres.; L. Emmett Holt, M.D.; Livingston Farrand, M.D.; Thomas D. Wood, M.D.; 1st, 2nd, 3rd vice-presidents, respectively; Corcoran Thom, treas.; Philip Van Ingen, M.D., sec'y. To promote health among children from conception to maturity—this to be accomplished through cooperation with parents, doctors, nurses, teachers, and other health workers; by dissemination of scientific information and teaching methods in schools, through conferences, addresses, pamphlets, publicity material, and a monthly magazine, "Mother and Child."

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AMERICAN HOME ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION—Lita Bane, executive secretary, Grace Dodge Hotel, Washington, D. C. Organized for betterment of conditions in home, school, institution and community. Publishes monthly Journal of Home Economics: office of editor, Grace Dodge Hotel, Washington, D. C.; of business manager, 1211 Cathedral St., Baltimore, Md.

AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY—Founded 1828, labors for an international peace of justice. Its official organ is the Advocate of Peace, $2.00 a year. Arthur Deerin Call, secretary and editor, 612-614 Colorado Building, Washinpton, D. C.

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AMERICAN SOCIAL HYGIENE ASSOCIATION—370 Seventh Ave., New York. To promote a better understanding of the social hygiene movement; to advance sound sex education; to combat prostitution and sex delinquency; to aid public authorities in the campaign against the venereal diseases; to advise in organization of state and local social-hygiene programs. Annual membership dues $2.00 including monthly journal.

THE CHILD WELFARE LEAGUE OF AMERICA—C .C. Carstens, director. 130 E. 22d Street, New York City. A League of children's agencies to secure improved standards and methods in their various fields of work. It also cooperates with other children's agencies, cities, states, churches and other groups to work out worth-while results in phases of child welfare in which they are interested.

COUNCIL OF JEWISH WOMEN—305 W. 98th Street, New York. Miss Rose Brenner, pres.; Mrs. Harry Sternberger, ex. sec'y. Promotes civic cooperation, education, religion and social welfare in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Europe.

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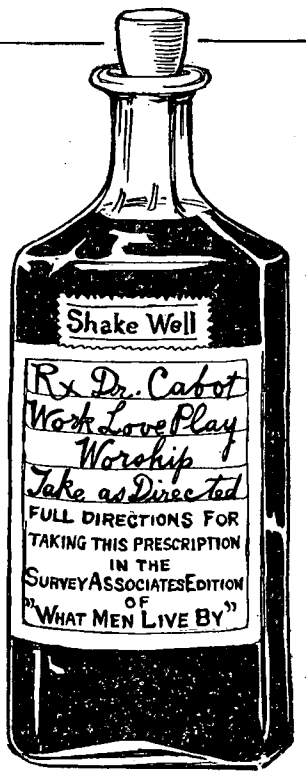

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HUNGRY AND SICK

(*Continued from page* 436)

The progress of labor in the past thirty years, the protection of the producer, the safeguards of age, sickness, unemployment, the assurance of receiving the postponed benefits of a life of energy and intelligent self-support, have all been swept out of the reach of those whose lives and whose children depended most upon the stability of national credit and trust.

AS an act of courtesy, and with the desire to check my own observations against the mature and well controlled information of the English and the French, I called upon the British High Commissioner, Mr. Pigott in Cologne and upon M. Seydoux of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris.

Mr. Pigott spoke with conviction and feeling of the steadily increasing destitution of the wage-earners, as unemployment became almost universal among them. He substantiated the data I had obtained in the matter of sickness by brief and pointed facts of his own. He further indicated that the German people were going through a process of gradual and effective education in the necessity of private charity. He noted however, that the very group in the community in whom the instinct of fellow-helpfulness would be first aroused, the people of the liberal professions and the arts, were quite as stripped of resources as were the workers in the trades or the simple day laborers.

M. Seydoux, the clear visioned and quick thinking diplomat to whom M. Poincaré looks for counsel and guidance in the commercial aspects of international relationship, weighed the evidence I offered him and made no objection to the facts of increasing sickness and death among German children. I could fully agree with him in the opinion that any generosity of America to redeem the wasting bodies of ailing German children could not and would not be recognized or be properly considered as an evidence of change of heart in our original and enduring sympathy for France.

GERMANY needs our material help now and in generous measure. Hate, and in its milder form, indifference to suffering, is an unworthy excuse for being close-fisted; and both hatred and stinginess are alien to the traditional personal and national policies of our people.

But as sickness and deaths are but the partial penalties now being paid for the destruction of industry and credit, so the help which may come through feeding the hungry, tending the sick and protecting the well against disease can be but a brief and feeble palliative. Statesmanship, international unselfishness, foreign commerce, reestablishment of faith in the financial policy of the government, honesty in searching for new sources of revenue and making them bear a burden comparable to that of the wage earner—these must bring the final answer to the question, but in the meantime we, in the midst of plenty, will see our own problems in a fairer light if we cast off the blanket of aloofness, the cold scorn and hate bred by our disgust and distrust of the policy of pre-war and war Germany and enter wholeheartedly into the harvest of helpfulness in which greater winnings will be earned for their and our children than can ever come by playing the easy part of conscious virtue, so natural to victory and material success.

Nothing but an increase of friendliness can come to our children from transfer of material wealth across the Atlantic as an investment in other children's lives.

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SECRETARY, young man, Catholic, not over thirty, college graduate, knowledge of shorthand and typewriting, with experience in Boys' Work and publicity to act as secretary to organizer of boy movement. No objection to travel. In reply, give full particulars concerning training and qualifications. 4701 SURVEY.

WANTED: In Eastern city, Jewish case work supervisor, capable of training workers and able to make effective community contacts. 4694 SURVEY.

WANTED: A young man and wife both experienced in social service work, he to have charge of the executive work and she to help with girls work, in a growing Settlement House in large city. Small salary to begin with but great possibilities for right man and woman. 4700 SURVEY.

WANTED: At once, Assistant Superintendent for The Girls' Cottage Industrial School, Sweetsburg, Prov. Quebec. Send application, with names of references to the Superintendent.

COOPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Social workers, secretaries, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes Street, Providence, R. I.

ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT — man or woman with institutional experience, capable of taking charge of departmental work and directing the club and social activities for the children. Write stating age, educational and experience qualifications to A. D. Faber, Station G. Philadelphia, Pa.

COMPETENT woman, Jewish preferred, for health and diet work with malnourished children in residence. Resident position with responsibility for cottage management. Apply Superintendent, Jewish Children's Society, Levindale, Station E, Baltimore, Md.

GRADUATE NURSES, dietitians, laboratory technicians for excellent hospital positions everywhere. Write for free book now. Aznoe's Central Registry for Nurses, 30 N. Mich. Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

WANTED: Cottage Mother for Orphanage near Erie, Penna. State experience, age, training and salary expected. Address Superintendent B'nai B'rith Orphanage, Fairview, Erie County, Penna.

WORKERS WANTED

WANTED: Italian nationality worker. Apply to the Community Welfare Association, Community Welfare Building, Springfield, Mass.

WANTED: Director for settlement house, foreign district, man or woman. Salary $2,400. Write experience and references. Council of Social Agencies, 301 Chamber of Commerce, Indianapolis, Ind.

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHERS WANTED for colleges and universities. American College Bureau, Chicago Temple, Chicago; 1254 Amsterdam Ave., New York.

SITUATIONS WANTED

WOMAN Executive desires position Jewish Institution or organization (institution preferred). Fifteen years' experience; capable organizer; Yiddish and English speaker. 4693 SURVEY.

EXECUTIVE—young woman with considerable experience in child care wishes superintendency of small Jewish Orphanage. References. 4706 SURVEY.

TWO single women want positions together as Head Resident and Assistant in Settlement; Head Resident, 11 years' experience; Assistant, 4 years; other lines of social work will be considered; middle west preferred; references furnished. 4698 SURVEY.

YOUNG MAN, college graduate, wishes position athletic instructor, country. Eight years' experience in club and institution. 4699 SURVEY.

WOMAN with successful experience in various activities of community programs would like position requiring executive ability by April 1. Educational background and professional training. Protestant. Industrial field preferred. 4697 SURVEY.

CENTRAL Council man desires executive position in city of 200—500,000 population. Nine years' experience in family case work, community organization, finance and publicity. At present employed. Wish wider field. 4696 SURVEY.

WANTED: Position as institutional expert in connection with community health center. Training: graduate of Home Economics course from a school of first-class standing, and College Post Graduate course. Experience: Teaching Home Economics; director of nutrition in community and health center. 4695 SURVEY.

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POSITION as companion in small, refined, modern, Christian home, willing to assist with light housework, or matron in small, refined, Protestant, Children's Home. 4702 SURVEY.

PUBLICITY, all phases, intelligently handled by thoroughly experienced man. Reasonable terms. 4704 SURVEY.

WANTED: September next, position as Head of Dormitory, Woman's College, by gentlewoman, well qualified and recommended. 4703 SURVEY.

COMMUNITY WORKER, speaker, writer, organizer, fourteen years' experience, executive, trained social worker and college woman, wants opening. 4707 SURVEY.

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Three-year old Monthly Roses, all colors, 5 for $2, 12 for $4.50.

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OUR WORLD

For February

At all good newsstands—25 cents

An important article will appear in the February number by Mr. Fred I. Kent, the New York banker, who is Chairman of the Committee of the International Chamber of Commerce on the Economic Reconstruction of Europe. This article, which will give the result of Mr. Kent's studies and surveys in Europe during the past six months, will treat the general theme of

REALITIES IN EUROPE'S REVIVAL

Other Features of Special Interest

DOING IT TOGETHER — **By James P. and Agnes D. Warbasse**
The new significance of cooperative societies in the United States.

THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS AT WASHINGTON — **By Elmer Davis**
Walter J. Woof's observations on the Great American People.

WHAT THE WAR VETERANS GET — **By Robert M. Field**
What other countries are doing for their ex-soldiers.

CECIL'S FIGHT FOR DISARMAMENT — **By Wilson Harris**
A British correspondent's sketch of Lord Robert Cecil and his work.

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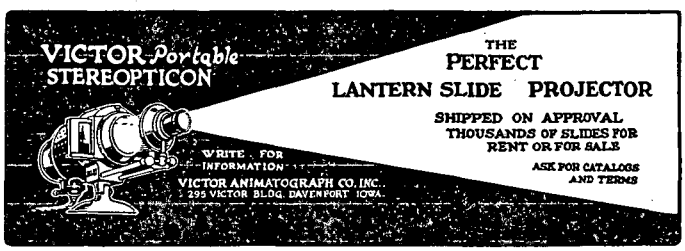

THE altogether delightful Christmas silhouettes by Melchior Grossek, which were published in the December Graphic, are to be run off on art paper suitable for framing and issued at a price which it is hoped will be not more than 30 cents each. Any readers who are interested are asked to write to Mr. Brent Allinson, Ravinia, Ill.

Next Month -- Giant Power

Our most ambitious issue of the year—Giant Power—will be published next month (see announcement on page 430). The price will be 50 cents a copy, but there will be no extra charge for copies sent in regular course to subscribers. Right now is a thrifty time to join.

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EDITORIALS

(*Continued from page* 479)

set down here from $2 to $3 a ton, but this not be regarded as final. Chicago points out that "many of the new men were, and still are, green;" only a beginning has been made in readjusting crews; while Buffalo heralds that "tonnage has been increased on all furnaces in operation;" Cincinnati that "the men are working more efficiently than ever before" and "practically all furnaces which have instituted the 12-hour day have . . . broken all previous records for output."

Another objection was that it would call for an increase of 50 per cent in the working force, and the men could not be had. The slack in industrial operations favored the change this last fall, but Pittsburgh reports that in the open hearths, for example, a "solution has been found by the reduction of the number of men per turn, supplemented by a few additions," and Cleveland that "when there were six men in a crew . . . . (or a total of 12 men on the two 12-hour shifts) . . . . in some cases the crews have been reduced to five men, making fifteen for the three shifts." The Carnegie Steel Company has a number of experts engaged on the problem of such adjustments, and of installing labor saving devices.

A third objection was that the men did not want the change, and that they would not stand for the reduction in earnings it might entail. The change may be said to have been put through half at the expense of the men—that is, a reduction of 50 per cent in hours, an advance of 25 per cent in hourly or tonnage pay. Chicago reports that the men have "more zest and enthusiasm than when they were working the longer hours;" Pittsburgh that "the change has made work in the steel plants more attractive to young men who were headed toward white collar jobs;" Buffalo that "it is expected the new schedules will materially assist in eliminating the labor turnover;" Cleveland "the unanimous sentiment that the short day has created a better feeling among the men," and that it has "brought back some old employes who quit two or three years ago."

One significant strand runs through many of the reports, namely that the existence of shop committees and other cooperative arrangements between managers and men have made for smoothness in instituting the plan and for adjustments which will help bring earnings and costs to the old level, while consolidating the great social gains in the change. To quote E. G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Company:

> The satisfactory progress that has been made in this important development has been due to a great extent to the earnest efforts which our employees have made, through the Employees' Representation Plan, to assist us in the solution of the many anticipated problems arising out of such a vitally important change of a long standing practice. . . . While this change requires many employes to work more intensively on the shorter day, we have never had a better spirit among our employes, and I feel that the additional leisure time afforded them will prove socially and industrially beneficial.

To quote a representative of the man in the open hearth stock house of the Donner Steel Company, Buffalo:

> Since the inauguration of the 8-hour shift, which is now a permanent institution, the following beneficial results may be summarized:
>
> 1. Increased efficiency and production.
> 2. Absolute contentment of employes.
> 3. Elimination of 'slackers.'
> 4. Labor turnover practically nil.
> 5. Regular attendance at work.

This gigantic and successful move was made possible only by the recognition of the essential human element, in that the management and the men met on common ground, discussed the situation pro and con, and recognized that one element was as necessary as the other in the fulfilment of the change.

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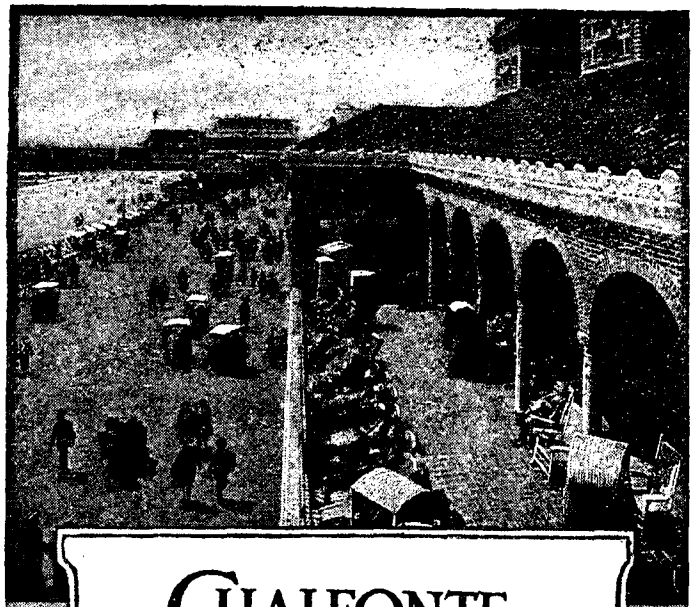

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Summer is just one of four enjoyable seasons here. Faces glow, eyes sparkle the whole year round. When surf bathing stops, riding begins, and horses canter on the beach. A live throng moves briskly up and down the Boardwalk. Golf is played under ideal conditions. While on the broad deck porches of Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, healthy fatigue suns itself and looks out to sea.

Pleasant companionship, perfect comfort; relished meals and deep sleep. The life gives new energy to tired bodies, new wit to jaded minds—and a lasting fondness for Chalfonte-Haddon Hall.

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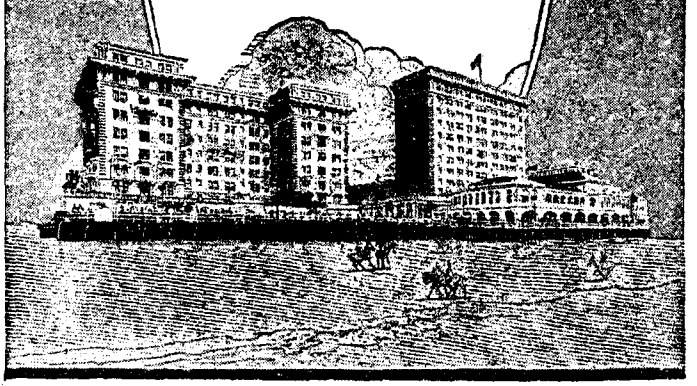

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Equip them with Open Air Ventilators. You will wonder how you ever got along without them.

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100 Years to a Day

HOW wonderful it would be if our bodies were like the "one-hoss shay"—if we kept on going until we just collapsed from old age! What joy to live a life free from pain and illness, filled with pleasant activities and followed by a *natural* passing away—just the simple stopping of a worn-out heart!

Heart *disease* is another matter. Today more people die from heart disease than from tuberculosis or cancer or pneumonia. And many of them die needlessly. Heart disease is so little understood and so greatly feared!

There has been a hush whenever the dread words were mentioned. Those who had it were afraid to exercise, afraid to work, afraid of this—afraid of that.

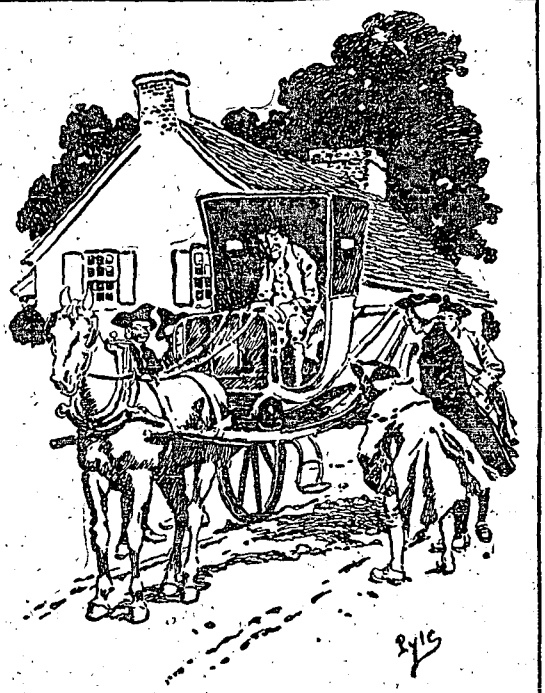
But it need not be so. Heart disease is not the tragically incurable and unpreventable affliction it was thought to be.

Nature, in most cases, makes the heart strong enough to serve faithfully for a long life—there are few bad machines turned out of her work shop.

Day and night, year in and year out, this most wonderful machine in the world does its work. It has no rest, from the day you are born to the day you die.

Steadily, steadfastly, second by second and minute by minute, this marvelous muscle contracts and expands—contracts and expands—pumping the blood all through your body. More than 30 million times a year this action is repeated.

Treat your heart fairly—protect it from the things that may injure it and you have little to fear. Heart disease has grown to such alarming figures as the greatest life destroyer in the United States, simply because people have not dealt intelligently with it.



"Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, * * * * *

* * * *

* * It went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst!"

We are grateful to Mrs. Howard Pyle and Houghton Mifflin Company for permission to reprint Howard Pyle's historic picture of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes' wonderful "One-Hoss Shay."

Many damaged hearts can be made to do their work through proper rest and care. The heart has amazing recuperative powers and often will mend itself if given a chance. But even though you have some serious organic heart trouble, there is no reason why you should despair. Some of the busiest, most useful people in the world, are heart sufferers.

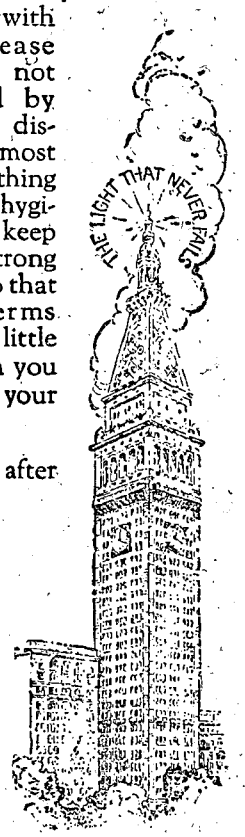
If you have heart disease do not lose hope. A noted heart specialist said: "The cases in which people drop dead from heart disease are comparatively few. If those with impaired hearts will follow the instructions of their physicians they can live practically normal lives—and will most likely die of something else."

Find out how to live so you will not over-tax your heart. Learn the kind of occupations that are safe for you. Let your doctor tell you what you may do and what you must not do.

A lot of people are suffering from imaginary heart disease. Don't try to decide for yourself. There is scarcely a sensation associated with heart disease which may not be caused by some other disorder. The most important thing is to live hygienically, to keep yourself strong and well, so that disease germs will have little chance to attack your body. When you are ill put yourself at once in your doctor's care and obey his orders.

Have your heart carefully examined after every attack of serious illness.

Aim for "*A hundred years to a day.*"



It has been estimated that 2% of the population of the United States, or more than 2,000,000, have organic heart disease.

Statistics show that one industrial worker in every fifty has a serious heart defect. And one out of every 13, so suffering, dies.

The annual death toll of heart disease in the United States is 150,000.

Prior to 1912 tuberculosis caused more deaths in the United States than any other disease. Since then, heart disease leads. The reason is that the death rate for tuberculosis has dropped, while the death rate for heart disease has remained almost stationary.

In the communities where people have learned how to fight tuberculosis, it becomes less of a menace each year.

As fast as people understand what can be done to prevent and relieve heart disease, there will be not only a decrease in the number of deaths, but also a splendid increase in the number of lives completely transformed—from dependence and anxiety to usefulness and happiness.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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